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XLIII.

Italian Honesty—The Episode of the Clothes—The Priesthood—A Peculiar Scene—The Government and the Church—Certosa.

It is impossible for the average Italian to be honest. No one expects it and no one, after a week's residence among them, looks for it at all, but takes their petty roguery as a matter of course. No matter what the article may be, a box of matches, or a suit of clothes, no one thinks of giving the price first asked. Should he he do it he would astonish the seller and fatal results might ensue.

You go into a shop and see placarded all over the walls "fixed price," "one price only," "no abatement from the price asked," all of which is intended to impress you with the idea that at last you have found an honest merchant who asks only fair prices and will have no dickering.

"What is the price of this?"

"Three francs, Signore."

"Three francs! I will give you one franc."

"We have but one price, Signore, as you you will see by the placards."

The article is put away, and if you are wise, you will turn as if to leave. Then you are called back.

"It is against our rule, Signore, but we desire your trade, and to oblige you, I will let you have this for two francs and a half. But it is ruin; and we would not have it known."

"One franc."

By this time all pretence of one price is abandoned, and the chaffering begins on both sides. The price is gradually lowered from two-and-a-half to two, and from that by centimes, every step being vigorously fought, till finally, when it is evident that you will pay no more than a franc, the article is wrapped up and you bear it away. The salesman smiles, for despite your beating down, you have paid a half-franc too much for it. He is very sharp indeed who gets out without being made the victim of a swindle of greater or smaller degree.

MR. TIBBITTS'S CLOTHES.

Mr. Tibbitts wanted a suit of clothes. He selected his material, and acting under instructions beat the tailor down from 200 francs to 125. Everything was specified, the quality of the material, the style of making, and all, so that there could be no mistake in anything. The clothes came to his room, borne by two smirking villains, in the dim hour between 5 and 6. You have no gas in your rooms, and the dim light of two candles is hardly sufficient to enable one to judge of material or workmanship. The suit was tried on, the fit was proper, and Mr. Tibbitts demanded his bill. It was made out, all ready, for 130 francs.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Tibbitts, "it should be 120."

"The Signore is mistaken it was 130."

"You will take these d—d clothes back again, or you will take 120," said Mr. Tibbitts, angrily.

The tailors saw Mr. T. was in earnest, but they could not think of giving up without a swindle of some kind to feel good over. One turned to the other.

"I think we are mistaken. Now that I call the conversation to mind I think it was 125. At least the Signore shall have the clothes at that."

"120 or nothing!" replied Mr. T. firmly.

Seeing that it was of no use to further parley with him, the figures were altered to 120, the bill was receipted, and Mr. Tibbitts felt good at having held an Italian tradesman to a contract. He did not feel good the next morning when the bright sun supplied the light for honesty, which the two candles did for roguery. The cloth was not that which he had contracted for, but several grades inferior. The trimmings and linings were not of the kind he had bargained for, but of an inferior quality, in short the suit was a swindle, and the 120 francs was quite twice too much for the wretched goods he had not contracted for but had accepted. He went to the establishment and got some satisfaction by indulging in sound Oshkosh profanity, which, while it eased his mind, did them no harm. They had his money hived away, and they smiled and smiled, and as he left the shop, expressed the hope that the Signore while in the City would favor them with his orders, and kindly recommend them to his friends.

Reproaching an Italian tradesman with duplicity has about as much effect as pouring water on a duck's back. They were born to it and expect it. They would not be happy without it.

The only thing you cannot be swindled on is postage stamps, and the habitual look of sadness on the face of the clerk who sells them is due to the fact that the price is marked on the stamp, and he cannot ask you three times the price and enjoy the luxury of being beaten down to twice. However he frequently makes mistakes in making change, and it is a singular fact that the mistake is always in his favor. It is singular that whenever a man's incapacity for figures is such that he makes mistakes in making change the mistake is always in his own favor. Who ever heard of a man so stupid as to make a mistake against himself? You won't find such an instance in Italy.

PRIESTS.

There are more kinds and varieties of priests in Florence than in any City yet explored. Go where you will, you meet them, clad in all sorts of garments and wearing all sorts of absurd and exploded gowns and cowls, but all of them, without exception, are purple-faced, jolly nosed, and in wonderful good condition. No matter what the condition of the people may be, your priest shows no signs of fasting. He evidently has all that he can eat and drink, and if portliness and general fullness of the face be true signs he has not only a good appetite but good digestion.

One variety of priests or monks which you see everywhere are peculiarly and particularly exasperating. They are clad in a very heavy and comfortable outer gown, of heavy brown cloth, with many capes, substantial trowsers that are eminently adapted for comfort in this climate, but their feet are stockingless, and upon them only a sandal, showing the upper part of a dirty foot.

When this order was instituted, away back in the middle ages, they were compelled to go barefooted in order to show their humility, and also as a testimony to the poverty to which they vowed themselves. It was all very well, then, when they were really poor and devoted entirely to good works, but it is as much out of place as it would be for Gould or Vanderbilt. For instead of poverty the order is rolling in wealth, and instead of humility they are the most arrogant of created beings.

What is the use of keeping up a custom after the reason for it has departed? And why half clothe the foot when all the rest of the body is even more than comfortably clad? And why keep up the rot and rubbish of a pretence, when it is patent to everybody that it is merely a pretence, and that it has no foundation either in necessity or use? Everybody knows that there is no necessity for these friars to go with sandals, for they have enormous wealth. Everybody knows that it it is no mortification of the flesh to go half-barefooted in a climate like that of Florence, for half the common people have not even the comfortable leather sole under the foot. And as the sandal costs as much as a full shoe, why not wear the full shoe?

But here they are, thousands of them, and they live as they please, and on the surface, appear to be as securely fixed as ever. There are monks bare-headed, monks sandalled, monks in black, monks in brown and monks in every conceivable form of hat that can be imagined, the first point about the hat being that it shall be as ugly as possible. The most common hat is one of fur, round-topped, broad in the brim, with the four sides turned up, and held by silken cords. There are old and young, from the young fellow just graduated, whose face has yet what is left of the freshness of youth, to the aged and pursy purple-faced man of 60, whose countenance bears testimony of long years of good eating, and generous wine, in generous quantities and of very regular supply. How many there are here cannot be estimated. There are enough however, to supply the spiritual wants of a city of ten times the size.

At one Church every day at noon the homeless cats of the City are fed with meat. The cats, accustomed to it, and knowing the hour, come in countless numbers and meat is served to them by the priests. It is somewhat singular that some Church has not instituted the feeding of the homeless children in the same way, Florence having more beggar children to the thousand of population than any City yet visited except Venice. Probably they feed cats and not children, because the children can be turned loose upon the streets to beg of American and English tourists, and cats cannot.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHURCH.

The church has, however, lost its hold upon the people. It has not the iron grip upon them it once had, and it is losing it more and more every day. Count Cavour, Garibaldi and the other reformers of this generation saw that there was no earthly use in attempting the regeneration of Italy so long as the church held temporal sway as well as spiritual. They were good Catholics, but they had their own notions as to how far religious power should go, and as to the exact point where it should stop. They took from the church everything in the way of temporal power, and confined it strictly to its own proper sphere. Then they curtailed its revenues, and deprived it of many of its privileges.

In the olden times a young man preparing for holy orders was not compelled to military duty. This was wiped out at one stroke, As all other Italian youth were compelled to serve three years in the army the rule was made that no one should be exempt. And so the be-frocked student in a theological seminary was compelled, with all other young men, to strip off his black and put on the exceedingly ugly uniform of the Italian army, and carry his musket the required time. At the expiration of his service he might resume his studies and blossom out into a priest if he choose, but as a rule they choose other, and there being a great sufficiency of priests, better employment. Three years' service in the army was not the best preparation for a priestly life.

The Pope rebelled against this, and so did the Cardinals and the entire Church, but the statesmen of Italy were determined to reduce the Church to subjection to the civil authority, and they do with great rigor exactly what the Church does not want done. The more the Church objects to the more the thing is done—it being the rule that whatever the Church wants to conserve is precisely what ought to be destroyed; that is in a temporal way. And yet these statesmen are all devout churchmen. What they want is for the Church and State to be kept apart, each existing, but each moving in its proper orbit. Their souls they entrust to the Church, the State they propose themselves to take care of.

This advance in political independance has had its effect upon the people, and there has been within 10 years a tremendous cutting loose from the Church. The common herd have seen since the partial divorce of Church and State that bad as the country is, it is better than it was, and that no thunders have descended from the sky and rolled about their heads, and no lightnings consumed them. And they too have taken a portion of their liberty. The church has no longer the power over them that it once had. They do not pay that cringing respect to the priesthood they once did, and a very large proportion of the people take pains to show their entire want of respect for the church and its observances.

A CURIOUS SCENE.

It was a curious scene, and a very interesting as well as instructive, at midnight, Christmas Eve, in one of the principal churches of the City.

This is one of the most solemn observances of the church, and an occasion which, in the olden time, would have filled it with an audience absolutely devout. Last Christmas Eve it was filled; but they were in anything but a devout mind. A few women came to worship and pay the proper tribute to the solemn ceremonials, but the vast majority were men and boys who were there for no other purpose to show then the contempt in which they held the ceremonies and everything connected with it, They swayed from side to side, they laughed and jeered and sang songs that were anything but religious in their nature. At a certain point in the ceremonies a curtain is withdrawn from a niche in the high altar, and a figure of the Infant Savior, crowned with gold, is displayed. At this exhibition the unruly mob gave vent to the wildest expressions of contempt.

"Why don't you have a crown of real gold on its head?" they shrieked.

"It's a year older than it was last year, and it hasn't grown at all."

"It's robe was green last year, and now it is blue. What do you make the change for? Why not let it wear its clothes out?"

And every wit in the mass had his fling at the image and the priests who were performing the sacred rites. Every allusion to it, was hailed by the crowd with expressions of delight, provided it was sufficiently irreverent and abusive to suit their tastes.

This scene, extraordinary to an American who supposed that Italy, the chosen home of the church, was true to its every teaching, is one that is being repeated everywhere There are publications most offensive to the church in every City. There is a large party powerful in influence and possessed of means who are attempting to release the people from its influence, and to undermine its power.

It is suspected that the political Government has a hand in this assault upon the spiritual power, and that it has determined to confine the Church to a purely spiritual province and what they hold to be its proper sphere, the care of the soul and not the body. Whoever may be at the bottom of the movement, it is being prosecuted with great vigor, and its work is being crowned with success. There is nowhere the deference paid to the Church that was wont to be before Garibaldi and Italian unity; and there is a change going on, whether for better or worse for the people, remains to be determined.

CERTOSA.

There are an abundance of beautiful drives about Florence, all of which are enjoyable, for no matter in what direction you go the country is beautiful, and every foot of it has its story. From Fiesole, Galilileo's Villa, there is a view of Florence and the Valley of the Arno, which is enchanting.

No traveller who comes to Florence will go away without visiting at least once, the famous monastery of Certosa di Val d'Ema, not only on account of the interest attaching to the old edifice itself, but for the view which it commands, one of the finest of the many beautiful ones in and about the City.

After passing the Porta Romana, one of the oldest gates of the City, the smooth, well-kept road passes through a long stretch of wild rugged land, gradually changing into vineyards and orchards as the country is reached, with here and there a garden surrounded by a high stone fence, built ages ago, if one may judge by its battered appearance. There is a gentle ascent all the way to the summit of a high hill which is crowned by the imposing edifice which hundreds of years ago was one of the most famous monasteries in Italy. The monks of old knew well where to select a site for their homes, and as they had no trouble in obtaining possession, they usually had the best there was. So it was with Certosa. It is on a high elevation surrounded on three sides by the prettiest imaginable hills and vales, while on the other there is a clear view down the gently sloping hill to the great white City spreading out on either side of the Arno, while way beyond, making a splendid back ground for the innumerable towers and spires that dot the City everywhere, are the villa covered hills north of the City, the loveliest spots about Florence. The brothers who built Certosa had a keen eye for the beautiful and selected their site with rare good judgment.

At one time this was one of the most celebrated establishments, but it, like the others all over the country, is beginning to feel the influence of the new order of things, and it is slowly but surely fading away. It will only be a short time before it will be remembered solely by what it has been. There are only half a score of Monks there now, and they have been forbidden to increase their number, so that when these few remnants die, the house and ground will pass over to the State. As the Monks who are there now are well on in years, the place will not be a monastery long.

The fate of Certosa will be the fate of all similar establishments in Italy. Communities based upon the old Monkish idea, if they exist at all in the future, will have to find new soil. The spirit of the present is not in accord with this idea and they must die out. All over the north of Italy they have lost vitality, and one by one are dissolving. The hand of the Government is upon them, and the majority of the people sustain the Government heartily. Men have got to inquiring somewhat into the usefulness of these robed and hooded men, and the answer has not been satisfactory.

The building, which resembles a mediaeval fortress is very curious throughout, and as the visitor is shown through by a bald-headed old monk, who probably gets up from his devotions in order to do it, it is very interesting. The church is a large, handsome edifice with a fine pavement and some really wonderful carved stalls of the year 1590. There are some fair paintings and one or two good frescos. Your white-gowned guide takes you into a number of chapels of various sizes and forms, where in the days of old, when the Order was in a flourishing condition, the brethren held service.

Now there is no use for them, and they only serve as the resting place of eminent persons who have gone before. In one of them is buried the founder of the order, Niccolo Acciajioli, together with with the tombs of the members of his family. Acciajioh was a native of Florence, who, in his youth, went to Naples, and by skillful trading gathered great riches unto himself. Whether or not he was struck with remorse at the manner in which his wealth was acquired is not known, but at any rate, shortly before his death in 1341, he set aside a large portion of his fortune to found this Monastery.

After wandering through the long series of chapels which constitute the church, the guide takes you into the cloisters, or rather such portions as suits him. He lets you go into a little bare room and tells you that so many years ago a very pious brother spent his entire time there. It is a little room, hardly large enough to turn around in. In one corner is a little wooden frame which answered for the bed, there is one wooden stool there, and these are all the conveniences. The brothers evidently didn't care for the pleasures of life, if one may judge by this sample room, and has no means of knowing how they lived when they were not on dress parade.

Near this cell is the chapter house, a large room well lighted and beautifully frescoed. From here there is a passage leading to the monastery garden, a large plat surrounded by cloisters connected by means of porticoes borne on columns. This garden, which also serves as a burial ground, is radiant with flowers, and in the center is a well, surmounted by a fancifully wrought top, said to have been designed by Michel Angelo. The great artist must have been unwell when he made the design, for it certainly does not show anything artistic.

After visiting one or two of the show cloisters, from the windows of which are magnificent views up and down the Valley of the Arno, the guide takes you very cheerfully down a flight of stairs and shows you a pretty room furnished very like a modest drug store. The attendants in charge seem to know exactly what is wanted, and without any delay place seats at a table, and putting delicate glasses before you, brings two or three bottles of really very fine Chartreuse, and you may sit there and sip the exquisite liquer as long as you like, and afterwards purchase as many bottles of it as you can carry away. It is made by the monks, and when this monastery finally closes, the lover of stimulants will lose the delicious cordial. It is much used, I am told, in the United States for mixing with brandy, and if said to soften the asperities of all fiery alcoholic liquors.

The preternaturally greasy monk who sells it especially recommends it to ladies as a medicinal agent of great power, and all those who look as though they indulged, in private, in stimulants took bottles to try for their various complaints. But as he winked villainously while he was recommending it, it is to be presumed that they bought it for the same purpose that temperance men do "medicated bitters."

They also sell a perfumé said to be very delicate. It is put up in all kinds of bottles, shaped in every way imaginable. Of course the ladies who visit the place, and they are legion, always invest very heavily in the perfume, and tease their male escorts to buy chartreuse, and then as they pass the lines going into the City they are made to pay octroi duty, which disgusts them as much as the perfume and liquere delighted them, But the sellers at the Spezeria don't say anything about octroi duties as they wrap up the purchases, and every one congratulates himself upon having made a clever bargain. This self congratulation lasts until after the lines are reached.

There are scores of beautiful resorts about Florence, so beautiful as to keep the mere lover of pleasure, if he have no taste for historical associations, busy at all seasons. No City in Europe has more delightful surroundings.

THE highest ambition of the dude in this country is to acquire the English drawl and accent. The English dude, on the other hand, labors to accomplish the guttural German pronunciation of the Prince of Wales and his brothers.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Read at Roseland Park, Woodstock, Conn., July 4, 1883.

We give thy natal day to hope,
O Country of our love and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air!

Tried as the furnace-fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
To meet new tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep; but men remain
As wise, as true and brave as they.
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

Whate'er of folly, shame or crime
Within thy mighty bounds transpires,
With speed defying space and time,
Comes to us on accusing wires.

While of thy wealth of noble deeds,
Thy homes of peace, thy votes unsold,
The love that pleads for human needs,
The wrong redressed, but half is told.

Each poor wretch, in his prison cell
Or gallows-noose, is interviewed;
We know the single sinner well,
And not the nine and ninety good.

Yet, if on daily scandals fed,
We seem at times to doubt thy worth,
We know thee still, when all is said,
The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or where
Belted with flowers, Los Angeles
Basks in the semi-tropic air,
To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by northern winds,
Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled;
Alone, the rounding century finds
Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,
Thy generous heart has borne the blame
That with them, though thy open door,
The Old World's evil outcasts came

But, with thy just and equal rule,
And labor's need and breadth of lands,
Free press and rostrum, church and school,
Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands

Shall mold even them to thy design,
Making a blessing of the ban;
And Freedom's chemistry combine
The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar
And set the dusky millions free,
And welded in the flame of war
The Union fast to Liberty.

Shall it not deal with other ills,
Redress the red man's grievance, break
The Cir can cup which shames and kills,
And Labor full requital make?

Alone to such as fitly bear
Thy civic honors bid them fall,
And call thy daughters forth to share
The rights and duties pledged to all.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here;
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Huguenot and Cavalier.

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands, enstained with blood, maintained
The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all
To do the work which duty bids,
And make the people's council hall
As lasting as the Pyramids!

Well have thy later years made good
Thy brave-said word a century back,
The pledge of human brotherhood,
The equal claim of white and black.

That word still echos round the world,
And all who hear it turn to thee,
And read upon thy flag unfurled
The prophecies of destiny.

The great world-lesson all shall learn,
The nations in thy school shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn
With watch-fires from thy own uplit.

Great without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due!
So runs our loyal dream of thee;
God of our fathers!—make it true!

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hope, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee!

HIS WIFE.

Belgravia.

The sun had just set when I arrived at Somerset station. A whole mile to walk in the pleasantest part of the pleasantest country in the world. Soft hills, bathed in the sun's parting glow, dotted the landscape on every side, and over all smiled a tender, brooding sky. What keen enjoyment the anticipation of a Summer all alone with my best friend had afforded me—and now I was almost there. There was the house; old, brown and many-roomed, and most of the rooms on the ground floor. Grandmother herself had been the architect of the establishment.

"I told your grandfather," said she, on one occasion, "that no man was going to plan a house for me to live in. What does a man know, I should like to be told, of a woman's needs? If he'd built it according to his notion, there would have been three or four flights of stairs, and then, with a baby on each arm and two or three hanging to my petticoats, I might have spent most of my time on them, but I knew better!"

As events proved, grandmother was correct in her prediction. An enthusiastic lover of nature was this old lady of 70 years. Yes, there she was! I caught a glimpse of her white sleeve on the window sill. I would walk softly in and surprise her. How exquisite the taste of this presiding genius! Heliotrope, mignonet and white roses! Grandmother's rose bushes were the envy of the whole neighborhood. Shy little violets bordered the graveled walk leading to the low door stone, and over beyond, in grandmother's pet field, millions of yellow-hearted daisies nodded and beckoned to the soft evening breeze. Avoiding the treacherous pebbles, I cut quietly across to the front door, stealing with cat-like tread through the long, narrow hallway, and entering the sitting-room on my tip toes. Wonderful victory! Twice before had I tried this wonderful dodge, and each time had the old turkey gobbler betrayed me. Where was he on this occasion; and why, when I really need his services, did he not prove my friend? Softly, softly, only a step or two more. The sensation of the next minute wasn't anything to speak of; I mean by that it was indescribable. The back of grandmother's big arm chair quite hid the occupant, and, nothing doubting, I made with great dexterity for grandmother's eyes. I found the eyes, but they didn't belong to grandmother. I knew that before their saucy owner had imprisoned my hands.

"Who is it?" said he, like one first awakening from a sleep. "Let me guess. The fingers are too little for Madge, and too long to belong to Sarah!"

I found my tongue then. I would not wrench my hands away. That would be rudeness, for he evidently supposed them the property of some intimate friend.

"Please release me," I said, and then, as he rose quickly—apparently surprised by the voice of a stranger—I added, rather ludicrously, I suppose, for the tall fellow in the shirt sleeves laughed right heartily, "I thought you were grand mother?"

"Never was taken for an old lady before," he answered, with provoking nonchalance; and then added, as he hastily threw on a dressing gown, "what do you think about it now?"

"I think I should like to know where grandmother is, and——"

"And what I am doing here?" he interrupted, with another laugh. "Your grandmother has gone to spend the evening with a sick neighbor. I belong to the next house—or rather am visiting my sister. She was unexpectedly telegramed away, and as I have been ill, and am not quite well enough to take care of myself in the absence of a housekeeper, your blessed grandmother offered to look out for me until my sister's return. My name is David Alcott, and yours, I take it, is Miss Susan Ellis." And then we shook hands.

That evening marked a new era in my life. I was comfortable, as was always the case at grandmother's, and I was happy too—happier than I had ever been before. What it meant was of no sort of consequence to me then. I did not stop to anylize my sensations, but enjoyed to the utmost the strange entertainment fate had placed before me. Mr. Alcott showed where grandmother had left the strawberries after tea, and then I skimmed a pan of morning's milk, and prepared my supper.

"You have been to tea, of course?" I inquired of the gentleman, who had again taken up his book.

"Yes, but I should like a few strawberries, if you can spare me some." So it chanced that he drew a chair up to the little round table, proving a most interesting companion.

In an hour or more after our little meal was over, I sat on the door-stone, alone, watching for grandmother. Then he came to the door and said:

"You needn't expect her before 9 o'clock. I wish I could sit here with you."

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because I am still in quarantine. Perhaps I might make it pleasant for you indoors. If you are fond of being read to, I will do my best."

"And there is nothing I am fonder of," I answered, and followed him into the house.

"Make your selection," he said, pointing to a table quite overlaid with books.

"Something of hers," I replied, picking up an edition of Mrs. Browning.

"All right! now to please me, open at random, and I will read there."

I laughingly assented, and placed my forefinger plump on Lord Walter's wife—

"But why do you go?" said the lady, as both sat under the yew,
And her eyes were olive in their depths, as the kraken beneath the sea blue.
"Because I fear you," he answered; "because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your golden hair."

"Please don't go on," I interrupted. "I like the poem, but someway it isn't pleasant now."

"Hardly appropriate," he answered, closing the volume dreamily, and then added:

"I suppose you think Lord Walter's friend a fool?"

"He is the type of a large class; but, Mr. Alcott, are we not treading on dangerous ground? Do you know what lies just beyond?"

"Yes, that most exasperating question of 'woman's rights.' Aurora Leigh settles that for me."

"It takes a soul to move a body," he repeated slowly. "It takes a high-souled man to move the masses, even to a cleaner style. It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breath of the dust of the actual. Ah! your Fouriers failed—because not poets enough to understand that life develops from within."

"Never was truer word spoken than that, Miss Ellis—'from within!' 'It takes a soul to move the masses;' and, according to my observations, it makes very little difference to whom the soul belongs. Men of intellect never have subordinated women. See what excellent care Goethe takes of them. Look at Faust's Margaret, the instinctively pure child growing into a self-reliant woman; and see how, in Wilhelm Meister developps, spiritually and intellectually, he comes naturally upon women of a purer and more innately refined type—first Mignon, then Natalie, afterwards Theresa and Macaria—the last a star soul."

"I thought as much," said grandmother, entering just here. "I felt sure you had come when I saw the light," and no pet last child, a baby, was ever more welcomed than I by my dear, dead father's mother.

"You promised me, David, you would certainly go to bed at 8 o'clock," said the old lady, reproachfully, after having satisfied herself that I hadn't changed a bit since she last saw me.

"But how could I?" he asked, with a comical gesture in my direction.

"Well, I hope you won't be any the worse for it to-morrow," said she; "and now to bed with you this minute!"

"Dear old Vagrant, good night," said the gentleman, with a rare smile, obeying instantly; "and pleasant dreams to you, Miss Ellis."

"Nice boy, that," said grandmother, as the door closed.

"Boy?" I repeated.

"Yes, boy!"

"He is 25 years old if he is a day."

"What of that? You are 20, and what are you but a girl, I should inquire? Four days ago there didn't anybody round here think he'd ever get out again. The doctors gave him up, and his sister was almost crazy, but the fever turned and he went to sleep and slept two days steadily, and when he woke up he was bright as a button."

I did not see my new friend for two days. He had over-excited himself, and the result was solitude for this length of time. I roamed the fields and haunted the woods, read, wrote and thought. I never did so much thinking in so short a space of time and with such unsatisfactory results.

"Where under the sun have you been all this afternoon?" said grandmother, as at sunset the second day, I dragged into the kitchen porch.

"Up a tree."

"Up a tree?" this with considerable disdain in voice and manner.

"You have torn a great slit in your dress, Sue, and you look like a fright. I have wanted you—mor'n your worth—for the last three hours."

"What are you making, grandmother?"

"Panada."

"How many quarts of this stuff does your patient consume, Mrs. Ellis, in the course of 24 hours?"

"That is according to her appetite, Miss Saucebox," said a rich voice at my elbow, and there stood Mr. Alcott.

"No. 2" he continued, gravely.

"They've sent for me up to Jones'. They think the baby is dying," broke in grandmother, while I stood blushing like an embarrassed school girl.

"And I want you to keep house and take care of him while I go up a while and see if I can do anything to help them. When this panada gets a little bit cold, Sue, put in two tablespoonfuls of brandy—that's the bottle on the second shelf;" and the provoking old lady tripped away as composedly as if it were the most common place thing in the world for a young lady to be left with the care of an invalid, and the said invalid a man and a stranger. A few minutes sufficed to place me entirely at my case, and no veteran hospital nurse was ever more composedly exacting than I in my new role. Grandmother's orders were explicit: David mustn't think of such a thing as reading aloud, and he must lie on the lounge in the sitting-room until she returned. Such an evening as that was! I read to him out of Auerbach—and this took us naturally to the Rhine—and then I found that my companion had travelled among all my favorite European Cities. What wonderful pictures he drew me of the Campagna, the Coliseum and the Forum! How exquisite was the play of the moonlight on the Sabine Mountains, and how charmingly picturesque the sketch of the old Roman ramparts, in some places bare and black with age, with here and there patches of scarlet and green made of poppies and ivy.

Grandmother came all too soon. She never was unwelcome before. Six weeks of this *dolce far niente* life—and then There is no good of life but love—but love! What else looks good is some shade flung from love—
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

I knew as well as the Queen and poor Constance what there was in life worth living for—what love meant. Not one word was spoken between us of the one subject that all-engrossed us, and yet I knew that his heart was as irrevocably in my possession as was mine in his.

One day, when he was fully well, we attended a little picnic in the grove down the road.

"We'll have a good time to-day, Lorchen," he said, as we made our preparations in the morning. "I will take out my scrap-book, and when the others are engaged, and won't miss us, we'll wander off by ourselves, and enjoy after our own fashion—won't we, Lorchen?"

"Lorchen!" How that word thrilled me! and how it epitomized the tender purity of his regard for me.

Oh! day long to be remembered! Oh! day of heartache and agony indescribable!

Steep the soul in one pure love,
And it will last the long.

What kind of a love was my soul steeped in? Ay! love has its wormwood and gall, as well as its honeyed sweetness.

A party of friends—David's friends—came down from the City, and as we were walking slowly into the grove they came upon us from the depot road. I had David's arm. It was my arm—I knew it—and we should walk that way forever. Greetings and introductions were over. Shall I ever forget the face of that man who aimed straight for my soul with his poisoned arrow? Walking up to David's side, with a contemptible familiarity, he said:

"Saw your wife last week, Dave."

"Ah," replied my companion, perfectly at his ease.

"Coming down in the 9 o'clock train, if possible."

"Good," replied David; and then followed inquiries about various friends, in a thoroly cool and self-possessed manner. It seemed to me that my heart stopped beating. The hand on his arm involuntarily clenched itself, and there it remained until we arrived at headquarters, a little round bunch of cords and knuckles.

"You won't be long, Lorchen?" inquired David, as I moved away ostensibly to help the committee of arrangements to decide where the tables should be set.

"What's that you call her?" my mortal enemy asked, inquisitively.

"Lorchen," replied David.

"Why, that's a Dutch name, isn't it? I thought she looked like a foreigner."

I heard no more, waited for no more, but watched my opportunity and when sure that no eyes were upon me, struck the path leading to the rock and in less than an hour was home again in Grandmother Ellis's sitting room.

"Oh! grandmother! grandmother! What misery has your terrible indiscretion brought me!" I groaned aloud, for grandmother had gone away to spend the day. There at the foot of the lounge were his slippers, there on the back of the lolling chair his dressing gown. I could not turn my eyes without beholding fresh evidences of his precious personality.

What should I do? I could not leave until grandmother returned. Such a blow as that I felt sure the old lady would never rally from. I must suffer and keep it to myself, and get away at the earliest possible moment. In my agony I threw myself upon the lounge and buried my head in the pillow—the pillow upon which his head reclined so often—the head I had so foolishly called mine. After awhile tears relieved the heated brain, and I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in the water. I could not stir. Huge waves threatened to submerge me. Just beyond the bank, almost within speaking distance, stood David, a beautiful woman by his side—his wife!

"David! David! take hold of my hand! Don't you see I'm sinking?" I cried out in my terror.

"Wake up, Lorchen! wake up!" said a familiar voice at my side. "Here are my hands, dear. They are both yours—not one, Lorchen, but both. Do you understand that?"

"But, David—but—"

"But what? Can it be that my little brown bird was scared home because of—"

"Because of your wife," I managed to say, with his face close to mine.

"It was my chum he meant, Lorchen! That's what we always call them at college. This is No. 3, little one. I wonder what next? I'll get a divorce from that fellow, dear, if you will promise to be my own real wife?"

And I did.

THE SILVER AND THE GOLDEN.

BY MARY HARRISON.

Snows of Winter, white and tranquil,
When ye melt what shall appear?
Autumn's russet? That is bygone.
Then the Spring is near.

Snows of Winter, white and tranquil,
Swiftly passing is your hour.
Golden crowns must follow silver;
Wealth of fruit and flower!

Snows of labor, white and tranquil,
Soon ye too shall disappear.
Ye shall be among the bygones;
Spring to you is near.

Snows of labor, white and tranquil,
Crown your faithful brow.
Ye are near the Summer country;
Snows are melting now.

Calmly closes faithful service;
Silver crowns ye've won;
And the golden crowns shall follow,
God shall say, "Well done."

—*Sunday Magazine.*

Propriety.
Fliegende Blatter.

"Aunty, dear, the young artist, Herr Schmidt, again entreated me at the ball last evening to lend him my photograph, which he says will be of inestimable value to him in painting his new picture. He promises to return it as soon as the picture is finished. May I give it to him?"

Aunt—"Well, I think it will be all right if you enclose with it a picture of your mother or some other elderly person; to send your picture *alone* to an artist's atelier would be a terrible breach of etiquet."

A Reason for it.
Texas Siftings.

"Have you anything to say against the testimony of the witness?" asked a Texas judge of a man accused of horse stealing.

"All I've got to say is that the witness has got a prejudice against me and is determined to ruin me. I introduced him to his present wife and advised him to marry her, and now he is playing for even.

"Perhaps he has cause," gravely remarked the judge.

A Diplomat.
Texas Siftings.

"That reporter gave you a devil of a racket," said an Austin gentleman to a singer, who had participated in an amateur performance.

"I know he did, but I am going to stop his mouth."

"Are you going to shoot him?"

"No; I'm going to invite him to dinner."

A Law and Order League.

Boston has a Law and Order League which the liquor dealers deem so dangerous that they have provided a fund to fight it. Through its instrumentality 30 dealers have been fined or imprisoned within a few weeks, and its successful efforts to get verdicts under the Civil Damage law have alarmed the trade. Two women had each a young son convicted of crime committed while drunk, and the League gained heavy damages for them. These cases have set other sufferers to thinking, and a great number of suits are to be brought.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 3.

My thoughts just now cluster around the little log meeting house, situated among the large bur oak trees, in a wild wilderness looking place. It was called the Baptist meeting house, and bore the name of the man on whose land it stood. It was free, however, to one or two other denominations when the Baptists did not have stated appointments, because it had been erected by the united labor of the settlement. The scenes that were enacted there 65 years ago all stalk forward for recognition as vividly as if they were but of yesterday; even more distinctly. At the time the building was put up, there was nothing there but wild woods, and one solitary grave inclosed with a pole-pen. It was the grave of old uncle Jimmy W., and was situated close by a large bur oak.

Of the denominations who worshipped there, in addition to the Baptists, were the Newlights, so called, of which church my parents were honored members. The Newlights were an enthusiastic shouting kind of people, even exceeding the Methodists in their zeal. They, besides, held some peculiar theological and doctrinal tenets.

Among their beliefs was the idea that the end of the world was near at hand, and so impressed were they with this that they lived in daily expectation of hearing the sound of Gabriel's trumpet at any time. A sermon was seldom preached or an exhortation delivered in which the signs of the second coming of the Son of Man were not dwelt upon and the people exhorted to be in readiness. I was a child, but I can recollect how I used to watch the clouds and mark every unusual appearance in them, and often I imagined I caught glimpses of the great white throne and Him that sat upon it, and the throngs of holy angels surrounding. We never expected the day of judgment to come at any other time than on a cloudy day, because we were taught to believe that the heavenly hosts would break through the clouds of heaven in power and great glory. And we expected to see the angel Gabriel flying with mighty wings in front of the throne, with a long, tin trumpet in his hand, blowing upon it loud blasts, that all the world could hear, for our conception of how wide the world was corresponded with the size of our other ideas.

On a certain Sunday afternoon the Newlights had meeting there. The preacher of the day resided in the neighborhood. He was a tall, muscular man, and exceedingly earnest. He wore linen pantaloons, and was in his shirt sleeves. On that day he came to meeting barefooted, as did two-thirds of the people, for it was in Summer.

His theme was, as usual, "The Judgment." For a pulpit he had a splint-bottomed chair, which was always set for the preacher. The bottom was made of black ash splits. When he rose up to open the service, he placed the chair in front, with the back towards him. As he warmed up in his subject he turned the side of the chair towards him, with its face toward his right. His left hand rested on the top slat, while at the same time he placed his right foot on the split bottom. As he grew more and more earnest he began a succession of pounding with his foot. He was depicting the pomp and pageantry of that great day when Christ should come in the clouds of Heaven to judge the world. With each fresh inspiration his voice rose louder and louder, and his foot came down harder and harder, while hearty hallelujahs and amens, and come, Lord Jesus, rang out from every part of the house. He said: "Methinks I see the Savior coming with His shining retinue of holy angels," and with this tremendous thought his right leg came down with the full force of his powerful muscles, crushing through the splits and planting the sole firmly on the puncheon floor. Here was a predicament. He bent down and essayed to extricate the imprisoned pedal; but the jagged ends of the splits being directed downward at an angle of 45°, had formed a dead lock at about the middle of the calf, and all his efforts proved abortive. In the mean time he tried to continue the thread of his discourse, with, if anything, an increased volume of voice. An audible giggle among the young folks was anything but comforting to him; but he seemed resolved to take no notice of it. At length some of the brethren on the front benches came to his relief, and with their hands pressed back the splits, thus allowing the withdrawal of the leg, when he angrily, as I thought, tossed the chair to the rear, with, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and then coolly proceeded with his sermon.

I am impressed to record my recollections about going to meeting in the backwoods. I have said that on a particular day two-thirds of the people came to the meeting barefooted, which was true; but not on that Sunday alone; it was the general custom in Summer time. One of the principal reasons for this was the scarcity of shoes and stockings and the inability of the people to purchase them. But there was an economy then in these articles of dress that the young people now would be slow to believe. It was the habit of the best young ladies in the country, as well as their mothers, on starting to meeting, to take their shoes in their hands and their stockings in their reticules and walk barefooted to within a short distance of the meeting-house and then turn aside into the bushes and put them on, to be in like manner taken off after meeting was out. And it was no strange sight to see the girls and their beaux walking side by side, each with a pair of shoes in hand, and to see them turn out into the woods and sit on a log, side by side and proceed to dress their feet, after brushing the dust from the soles of the feet with a cotton handkerchief, or, perhaps, with the palm of the hand. This was a necessity,

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, Publishers.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, JULY 12.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Twelve per cent. of the suicides in England, and 25 per cent. of those in Germany, are due to intemperance.

San Francisco street lamps have not been lighted in two months, and will not be until the City pays a big gas bill.

Dorsey has gone to his ranch in New Mexico instead of going to the sea-shore, which was his first intention.

Mr. Frank C. Bangs, the successful actor, has decided to quit the stage since marrying an heiress. It is given out that he will invest $25,000 in a Philadelphia soap factory. He believes that while there is life there's soap.

Physicians say it is best to go in bathing when you are in luxury. This is all very well, but a man will be thought to have little regard for the proprieties who goes into the water with nothing on his stomach. —*Somerville Journal.*

A Florida man last year took 900 pounds of honey from six hives of bees. We never did so well as that, but we have, in our youthful days, taken about 4,000 pounds of bee out of one with humble bee's nest in 20 minutes, and it wasn't very good after-you-for bees, "nuther."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Gil-Perez, the famous comic actor of Paris, who recently died in a lunatic asylum, is to have a monument costing 6,000 francs at the expense of the State. The sum was accordingly appropriated, although Gil Perez left a fortune of about 50,000 francs, which in the absence of heirs was swept into the State coffers.

The scene passes himself in a gambling hell. A party of sports achieves itself. The two players lift themselves. The one goes to the other, "Mister?" "What desire you?" "I you have seen to trick?" "Mister?" "I of it am not sure." "You wish to lose me?" "It is contrary. I wish to propose to you to associate ourselves?"—*German Paper.*

The plague of rabbits from which the Australian colonies are suffering has led New South Wales to pass a stringent law. Henceforth any person who shall have in his possession any live rabbit, or even shall introduce into the colony rabbit scalps, is liable for each offence to a fine of $500, or, in default of payment, to imprisonment for six months.

The prevalence of small-pox is a serious annoyance to a man's peace of mind in traveling in New Mexico. In the Villages scattered through the country there are always some sad frequently many cases, and the Mexicans, so far from attempting to check the disease, consider it necessary and right, if a neighbor is sick with it, not only to visit him themselves, but also to take with them their entire family, down to the infant in arms. They are, besides, superstitiously opposed to vaccination.

FOR THE LADIES.

Can a man marry his deceased wife's sister in any part of America?—*Englishman.* Not unless the sister is willing, and as a general thing she isn't. She knows him too well.—*Phila. News.*

An Indiana woman applied for a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, because her husband was continually stealing her face powder to shine up his big brass watch chain.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

It is again reported, and with much positiveness, that Mr. Langtry's salary as husband of a professional beauty is $15 a week. He will never get rich at that rate unless he should emigrate to Utah and go into the wholesale business.

Dwight L. Moody, the traveling preacher, is busy with the affairs of his seminary at Northfield, Mass. A Boston friend of the institution has just given him $50,000 toward a permanent endowment, and several scholarships of $1,000 each have been founded recently. Mr. Moody intends to return to London in September.

A girl with singularly arched eyebrows attracted attention, and as her hair was pulled back hard from her forehead, an observer guessed that the taut skin was responsible for the peculiarity. "You're wrong entirely," said his companion: "she's wearing what the girls call 'surprised eyebrows,' which is done with a touch or two of Lubin's pigment. That's going to be the rage this Summer."

The President gave a garden party the other day, when it was so cold that he proposed adjourning to the house. The gentlemen, though well clothed in comparatively heavy garments, were chilly, and seconded the President's motion. But the women, in low-necked and short-sleeved gauze dresses, unanimously protested. So everybody sat under the trees and sneezed. The next day there were a number of sore throat, lumbago and rheumatism, but the undressed women had their way. A woman would go to the North Pole in a low-necked dress if it were only fashionable. The wonder is that it isn't fashionable. It is so utterly senseless.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

The girl on a tricycle has already made her appearance at the Summer resorts. As observed at Newport, she sat between two wheels, which were connected by a short axletree, on a kind of saddle—astride of it, but not so circumstanced as to make the gathering of garments necessary, as in riding horseback, man fashion. Her feet reached down to the treadles and her hands were employed in steering, by means of a device connected with a low front wheel. Her posture was not that of sitting, however, but her figure was suspended nearly perpendicular, and her legs were moved a great deal like those of a horse afflicted with springhalt, or a swimmer treading water. Her knees come up high, with an action more productive of good exercise than of grace. And yet she was "a symmetrical and pleasing travel r." The prescribed costume is soft, thin flannel, with a blouse waist and a skirt reaching just to the gaiter tops. It is obvious that the latter level could not be steadily maintained, in view of the high treading required to work the tricycle, without some special modification of the garment. This want has been supplied by taking an idea from the equestrian habit. "Lengthwise of the skirt in front two gussets are set in at points where the knees will protrude into them in rising."

The ladies of New York have attracted the attention of a correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who writes that the sidewalks in the precincts of poverty are littered by them, as will be the case as long as hot weather lasts, and that there is about as much juvenility out of doors in those more fashionable quarters where tenements are called flats. The creepers and toddlers here are attended by nursemaids, neat in their white caps and aprons, idle except for the light duties of keeping their little charges clean and safe, and altogether the best placed among servants. "Just think of it," said a keeper of an employment bureau. "These nursemaids get from $10 to $20 a month, the average being about $14. Not so much skill is required of them as of the mommoned cook or laundress, their work is very light, they are put into the best sleeping rooms in order to be with the youngsters at night, and by day they lounge in the parks. Taking their board into account, they get as good as a dollar to a dollar and a half a day. That is as much as the average wages of salesgirls in the stores and considerably above the earnings of the hard-working girls in the cigar, clothing and other factories. You'd suppose that such places would be sought after; and so they are, but entirely by foreign-born girls, with the exception of negros, who generally are not wanted. The nursemaids are Swedish, French, German, Irish—everything but American. Girls born in this City seem to inherit pride from the soil. They will not go into menial service, especially a branch of it which requires them to wear anything like a livery."

In Uncertainty.

Wall Street News.

He was hurrying along Centre street the other morning, when a boy about his own age stopped him and called out:

"Struck it?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Going to sweep out an office for a feller."

"Who?"

"Dunno."

"How much?"

"Can't tell."

"Why?"

"'Cause if he's a lawyer he'll give me 10 cents and predict that I'll be President some day, but if he's a broker he'll flip me half-a-dollar and not care two cents whether I bring up in Washington or Halifax! S'long!"

Not Stuck Up.

Detroit Post and Tribune.

A Summer cottage at Ochre Point, costing $550,000 furnished, is good enough for Miss Catherine Wolfe of New York. She is rich, but not stuck up.

Hard to Beat.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Mr. Myron W. Whitney, the singer, recently caught a 25-pound fish in Big Lake, Ontario. It was not a bass, like Mr. Myron W., but a trout.

AWFULLY HOT.

The fat man,
With big fan,
Lolls around on a rattan divan;
Every spell
Awfully hot;
Doesn't care whether he dies or not.

The small boy,
Full of joy,
Finds much fun without alloy;
In the stream
White legs gleam;
To him life seems no more than a dream.

Boy sees man
On divan;
Wishes that he could have a fan
And he at ease on a cool rattan.
Man sees boy
Splash with joy;
Wishes he could his time employ
Bobbing around in the stream so coy.
—*Washington Republican.*

PROBABLY ONLY WIND.

A Pneumatic Tube from Chicago to New York for Carrying Express Packages.

Cleveland Herald.

A novel and interesting enterprise was this week brought to light through the medium of a New York civil engineer, who is at Chicago in connection with the establishment of a pneumatic pipe line between New York and Chicago. The plans, as partly developed, are to lay a four-inch pipe for the purpose of transmitting letters, messages, grain samples, jewelry and other light packages at a maximum tariff of 10 cents for packages and five cents for letters, etc. Way stations will be established at Cleveland, Buffalo, and possibly one other point. The pipe will be the ordinary tubular kind in common use, and the entire line will be made perfectly air-tight, with brass stations at the points named. The boxes for the conveyance of messages will be made from sole leather, with wood air registers, as used in short pneumatic tubes. Engines of 25 horse power, to drive the air pumps, will be placed at the termini, and smaller ones at the way stations. Seventeen patents for various devices have been secured by the originators of the scheme, and no doubt some of them will be made available in working the line. The plan of operating, as far as revealed at present, will be about as follows: Commencing at 6 o'clock A. M., Washington time, the boxes containing through packages will be

FED INTO THE TUBE

at Chicago and blown toward New York, while the Chicago pump is filling the tube and the New York pump is exhausting the air. The last box, started at Chicago at 6:30, will have a patent signal attachment, which, at Cleveland, automatically announces its arrival. The local boxes are then inserted there, and later on at Buffalo. The last box will arrive at New York at 10 o'clock, the trip being made in about four hours. Then the line is cleared for west-bound traffic for the following four hours, and so on, alternately, day and night. It is expected that during each period of four hours 1,000 boxes can be transmitted, each carrying about $2 in freights, or $12 during the 24 hours, being an aggregate of $12,000 per day for the line. The cost of operating it is estimated at only $1,155 daily, which includes 300 pipe-section men (repairers), 50 station operators, and 100 delivery and collection messengers, hence the net earnings can reach the enormous aggregate of $3,000,000 annually—at least it is thus figured out on paper. But even allowing a very wide margin for errors and omissions, the profit of operating the pneumatic pipe-line promises to be very large. The cost of laying the line will be something less than $4,000 per mile, and the entire plant will not exceed $1,250,000. The projectors confidently anticipate an immediate

PROFIT OF 20 PER CENT.

on the investment. The next serious obstacle to the present consummation of the singular scheme is the right of way, but it is said the parties interested have been secretly obtaining this at little cost. The pipe will be placed underground in the Cities, but the bulk of the lines will extend along tracks of certain railroads, the pipe in most instances being attached to and swung from the ends of the ties. For certain short distances for connecting links the pipe will pass through fields and along country roads, where it will be placed on short "jacks" or pedestals, or swung along the base of fences. In crossing country roads it will be swung on short poles. Three telegraph wifes will be attached to and extended along the pipe, to be used for electric signaling between stations. At least one engineer believes the scheme a feasible one, and if it proves a success it is thought another pipe line will be added for the transfer exclusively of grain from Chicago to New York, by which method 50,000 bushels could be carried daily for 10 cents per bushel at a profit of $2,500. Grain placed in a tube here would arrive in New York in about five hours, the transfer time being somewhat longer than by the message line. Appliances are now being experimented with by which, with the aid of automatic attachments, the grain pipe line would be continually charged from the bins of the principal elevators here, and delivered at a general central elevator at New York. The grain, it is claimed, would be improved in transit, as it would pass through a patent dust-pan upon its discharge into the New York elevator. The capacity of the line being only about 18,000,000 bushels annually, it would not seriously interfere with railway traffic.

The projectors of the enterprise state that the money necessary to carry out the plans expeditiously is pledged, and at a conference to be held on the 26th inst. the full details will probably be made public.

The Real Ohio Democratic Platform.

The Kansas City *Journal* has labored to translate the Ohio Democratic platform into intelligible English, and presents the following as the result of its efforts:

Resolved, First—We are the Democratic party and sole legatees of Thomas Jefferson's principles and trade-mark (no explanations given).

Second—We want the whole earth and we want it bad.

Third—And we mean to have it.

Fourth—That is, if we can get it.

Fifth—And don't you forget it.

Sixth—We want it distinctly understood that we do not straddle the Tariff question. We go it blind—and deaf, and would like to go it dumb. We want a Protective Tariff for old women and young women; rich and poor men; for Revenue only, but we want a Tariff for everybody, and will arrange all inconsistencies after we are elected.

Seventh—We believe in pensioning soldiers, protecting our citizens, having gold, silver, and redeemable paper money, and paying off the public debt. The Republican party has done that, but d—n the Republican party.

Eight—No monopolies, except in office-holding by Ohio Democrats.

Ninth—We do not know Ben. Butler.

Tenth—Well regulated license but free whisky.

Eleventh—Thomash Jefershon—Constitution of United States—the inalienable rightsh of Shtates—hic—John Sherman be blanked—hic—whoop! hurrah! for old Abolition-Republican Hoadly for Govena!

The Storm-Breeding Territory.

W. B. Hazen, in Cleveland Herald.

"Where does the gentle storm originate?"

"Nine out of 10 take their rise in the extreme Northwest, in Montana or north of there, in the British dominions. Since our co-operation with the Canadian Weather Bureau, which is a sort of a little one for a cent, we have been enabled to get reports from as far north as Fort Edmonton, and as soon as telegraphic communication is opened up with the far Northern posts, we may expect much more valuable results and we can predict with more accuracy what the weather will be. By the way, the cautionary signal stations which were ordered discontinued early this Spring will open up again soon.

A Polish Girl's Mouth.

New York Commercial-Advertiser.

A great deal of fun has been made of the Milwaukee maiden's mouth, but the Polish girl who stole $36 in trade dollars and hid them under her tongue, is entitled to the entire bakery. If the trade dollar must go, by all means give it to the fair Pole and let her chew it.

SINGEING HAIR.

A New Kink of the Eastern Barbers.

Philadelphia Record.

"Hair Singeing, 25 cents," is the somewhat novel sign displayed in the window of a South Broad street barber shop. The interior of the shop is decorated with half a dozen more of the signs, and two knights of the razor and a colored boy fanned themselves and waited for customers. The reporter had just made known his errand when two youths, popularly known as "toughs," entered, and one of them, notwithstanding the lavish display of signs, inquired if "this here's the place the feller was wot burned yer hair off?" Being assured he had reached the right place, the youth asked if it "hurt yer," and when the barber said it was a painless operation seated himself in one of the chairs and told the barber to "bring on yer blaze, and do it up in style," he added that he wanted a "reg'lar Summer cut; short all over." The first step taken by the barber was to cut the youth's hair in the regular way with the scissors, and this being finished the act of singeing began. Taking a long taper, such as used in any household, he lighted it from a gas-burner, and with a comb lifted what remained of the young man's hair into ridges, the tops of which he deftly burned off by applying the blazing paper until a halo of smoke encircled his head, and a faint odor of toasted wool floated about the room and into the sultry night. With great skill he soon had the entire top, back and sides of the youth's head completely singed, that worthy in the meantime staring at the operation as reflected in the mirror, and momentarily exclaiming: "Well, I'll be blowed!" His companion was similarly impressed, and made constant remarks of a like nature. When the youth's head had been sufficiently toasted to suit the barber's artistic eye the taper was put out, and the customer requested to step down to the wash-basin, where his head was thoroly washed, to clear away the "ashes" that remained at the end of each hair, and when that operation was finished the youth gazed in the glass at as beautifully clipped a cranium as ever left a barber's shop. Paying his quarter, and remarking that it "wasn't such a bad racket, after all," the young man gave a parting glance of approval in the mirror, and, with his companions, departed. "This is the only place in this country where you can get a regular 'singe,'" said the barber after the youths had gone, "but it's a pretty common thing in England and Europe, and in Canada, too, I believe." In conclusion, he stated that it was said to be a capital thing for the hair, and would cause it to flourish like a corn field after a Summer shower; but he added in conclusion, "It ain't any good for bald-headed men, for they haven't any hair to be braced up."

HE COULDN'T STAND IT.

An Old Liar Resumes Business.

Detroit Free Press.

One of the biggest liars in the State of Michigan in 1859 was an old citizen of the County of Wayne, who used to hang out around the Dearborn Hotel and groceries. In the Winter of that year and 1860 he was brought low with sickness and he made a solemn vow that if he got well he would quit lying. He recovered and as soon as able to be about he frankly stated his position.

Some of the boys could hardly believe in the strange occurrence, and so one night when he had the head of a sugar barrel in his favorite grocery some one asked:

"Uncle Billy, didn't you once assert that you had mowed six acres of grass in a day?"

"Y—e—s, I said so, but I guess I didn't measure very close. I guess the lot didn't hold over three acres."

"And haven't you repeatedly said that you were in the Mexican war?"

"I—I presume so, but you see I had an uncle in it and I suppose I kind o' got mixed."

"And haven't you bragged of cutting five cords of wood per day?"

"Did I say five cords? I probably mispoke myself. I reckon it was about three."

"And haven't you claimed that you once lifted 1,600 pounds of old iron?"

"Let's see! Did I say 1,600? There might have been a few pounds less, but you see I had a powerful brace for my knees."

The old man felt that he was losing prestige by scaling down lies which he had made plenty of men believe, and he was becoming very uneasy, but there was one more question. The interrogator looked Uncle Billy square in the eye and asked:

"Now, sir, do you admit that you lied when you told a story here eight weeks ago about your killing two robbers in Texas?"

"No, sir! no, sir!" hotly exclaimed the old man, as he slid off the barrel, "I've been sick and I've had a narrow squeak of it, and I've made a vow not to do any more lying, but if you chaps think I'm going to hang out here and play second fiddle to liars who have never been out of the County you are badly sold! Vows be hanged! Gentlemen, I resume business!"

IRVING BISHOP.

Antecedents of the Great Mind Reader.

New York Tribune.

"The young fellow, Irving Bishop, who has been creating so much excitement in London," said an old journalist, "is well known to many older citizens from the circumstances of his birth and youthful troubles. His father was at one time one of the millionaires of this City. His mother was a relative of Washington Irving, and her son was named after the great author. About 15 or 16 years ago Mrs. Bishop became interested in Spiritualism; domestic trouble followed, and a separation and divorce ensued, shortly after which Mr. Bishop died, leaving his divorced wife and son, then about 10 or 12, in destitute circumstances. Henry J. Raymond and others interested themselves in Mrs. Bishop's behalf, but could not effect a reconciliation of husband and wife. Mrs. Bishop also became a Socialist, and continued a Spiritualist. In his efforts to cure his mother of this last infatuation, young Bishop undertook his expositions of various tricks of mediums, which he does in public as readily as the Davenport Brothers or Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann do in the dark. He drifted to London while giving these *exposes* of Spiritualism. There he has learned the latest trick of 'mind-reading,' and is exhibiting it to considerable profit. My impression is that his mother now keeps a boarding-house in this City. She was once active in many charities."

What a Pretty Little Hand Did.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Some young ladies are very expert with type-writers. The Railway Exposition closed yesterday, and it is now in order to tell the following story in point of the pretty blonde young lady whose taper fingers played a type-writer on exhibition there. Two youths in swell attire stopped before her booth one day during the Exposition, and one of them asked for a sample of type-writing. Quickly her fingers flew over the keys, and a slip of paper inscribed, "This is a sample of So-and-So's type-writer," was handed to the youth. "Pretty little hand, isn't it?" murmured his companion. The girl colored, but devoted herself to playing on the machine. "Pretty little hand," repeated the young man, pulling his mustache and trying to look captivating. Then the girl looked up: "Should you like some type-writing," she asked shyly. The young man took the paper gratefully, a sweet and tender smile of triumph adorning his lips. But the smile faded and a sick-looking creature sneaked away from the conquering presence. The paper she gave him read: "This is a sample of the Chicago dude."

A Prediction.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Among other objections to Judge Hoadly, of Ohio, it is urged that he is an old man with a boy's face, and "a complexion like a ripe banana." Along in October another insuperable objection to him will be visible to the naked Republican eye in the shape of a majority of 20,000 over Forster.

RECENT LITERATURE.

ITALIAN RAMBLES. By James Jackson Jarves. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Pp. 142.

This is a truly "dainty" little book, but the daintiness does not interfere, as daintiness often does, with its being interesting. The book is a record of various trips and of long residence in the old country, and gives vivid studies of life and manners in old and new Italy. The author is somewhat known for other books on the country.

PHONOGRAPHIC DICTIONARY. By Benn Pitman and James B. Howard, Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati.

This is a book which meets very fully the wants of the student. It is very handsomely printed in a compact form upon 231 double-column pages. It contains the reporting outlines for over 30,000 words, which embraces the leading words in the language, with a long list of geographical and biographical names, legal, scientific and technical terms, with parallel key in ordinary type. The reputation of the authors and the completeness and popularity of Mr. Pitman's books upon phonography, makes the work of the reviewer light. It is sufficient to say they are the best authority within reach of the student.

THE DATA OF ETHICS. By Herbert Spencer. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Pp. 288. Price, 50c, paper.

It is not necessary to say much about this book since Herbert Spencer and his style of writing and subjects are known to all English-speaking people. This work is, as its name would denote, an extensive and laborious investigation in the scientific basis of morality. It is a cheaper reprint of volume IX., of "Synthetic Philosophy," but has a preface written especially for it.

AN AMERICAN FOUR-IN-HAND IN BRITAIN. By Andrew Carnegie. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $2.

This is an entertaining, sketchy and exceedingly agreeable as well as graphic account of a famous coach ride through England and Scotland. It was a trip originally suggested by Mr. Black's novel, "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and extended from Brighton to Inverness, a distance of some 800 miles. Mr. Carnegie is a keen observer, an agreeable and witty relater, and he has produced a book which is well calculated to entertain a very wide class of readers.

TOPICS OF THE TIME. No. 1 Social Problems. Edited by T. M. Coan. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Pp. 280. Paper.

A better idea of the character of this book can be gained from the table of contents than from any amount of description. The papers are as follows: "World-Crowding," by Robert Griffin, President of the London Statistical Society; "Europe in Straits," from Blackwood's; "Secret Societies in France, by Jehafi de Paris: "Home Rule, Socialism and Secession," by J. W. Flanagan; "A Democrat on the Coming Democracy," by Henry Labouchere; "A Politician in Trouble About His Soul," by Stuberon Herbert: "The European Terror," by Emil de Laveleyand; "The Nationalization of Land," Edinburg Review.

NOTES OF TALKS ON TEACHING. By Francis W. Parker. Published by E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York. Price, $1.

This is a book for teachers and for students of the theory and practice of teaching. It opens with a brief introductory sketch of Col. Parker's life and work. Then follow in order, one talk preliminary and general, eight talks on Reading, one on Spelling, three on Writing, one on Composition, three on Writing, one on Composition, three on Number and Arithmetic, four on Geography, and one each on History, Examinations, School Government and Moral Training.

FOOD OF THE FRENCH.

Much Wine and Little Meat Consumed in the European Republic.

Some statistics lately published abroad of the yearly consumption of bread, meat and wine in the principal cities of France give a very interesting view of the diet of French citizens. The average of eight cities shows the yearly consumption per head to be of bread, 439 pounds; of meat, 135 pounds, and of wine, 139 quarts. In Paris the proportion of meat is much larger than in the Provincial cities, the annual consumption there being 362 pounds of bread, 176 pounds of meat, and 197 quarts of wine per capita. In Lyons each one of the population requires 202 quarts of wine per annum, but in Marseilles only 163 quarts, with a corresponding diminution in the consumption of meat, the annual allowance of bread rising to 538 pounds. At Rouen, with 404 pounds of bread and 135 pounds of meat, the consumption of wine is but 43 quarts per head, and at Lille the annual consumption of wine sinks to 22½ quarts, while the consumption of bread is 476 pounds and of meat 108 pounds per head. These two Cities are quite exceptional, the others not varying much from the average in the matter of wine at least. The people of Nantes eat the most bread and the least meat, 593 pounds of the former and 101 pounds of the latter annually for each person, and each drink 142 quarts of wine. These poor people have not the blessing of Schuylkill water or perhaps their consumption of wine would be greater.

Gushing Over the Queen.

Moncure D. Conway says that Americans make themselves ridiculous by their sentimentality about Queen Victoria. He cites a club dinner speech in London by ex-Gov. Halliday of Virginia, who "fairly decorated 'that noble woman' with rhetorical Kohinoors, and left her framed in a constellation of admiration points." He asserts that the English people smiled and winked at each other; there were whispers about distance lending enchantment, and about the curious notions prevailing in the American provinces. He adds: "The English are loyal to the throne; every man of them would shed his last drop of blood for his Queen; but, personally, a Queen less loved, or even cared for, never reigned in England than Victoria. If one hears any enthusiasm expressed for the Queen in this country, unless it be in the neighborhood of Balmoral, he knows the speaker to be an American. It is ascribed to American good nature, combined with provincialism."

The Latest Handkerchief Nonsense.

From Clara Belle's Letter.

Fans and parasols will not be foremost, as it looks now, in the line of devices for bewitchery. You have seen the trick of the old-fashioned actress, and it is sometimes practiced by the young ones of the period, in producing a letter on the stage. She never takes it from a pocket, but always from her bosom. That is peculiarly seductive, she calculates. How the baldies must envy the inappreciative minxive! Well, handkerchiefs are being used by New York girls on the same alluring principle. The dainty batiste article, trimmed with fine lace, instead of being consigned to a pocket, is thrust half way into the bosom, a button of the bodice being left open for the purpose. Thence it is occasionally drawn out, warm, scented and sentimentalized, to be employed with tremendous effect in flirtation.

The Difference Betwixt Being Swindled and Being Charitable.

St. Joe Gazette.

"I'd rather give a man $50 than be swindled out of five," said Gillyflower the other day.

"Well, that's strange. What's your reason for such a conclusion?"

"You see, if I give you $50, that's put down on the books to 'charity.' That looks well. The angels look over the bookkeeper's shoulder and smile sweetly as the works 'to charity' are entered. But if I am swindled out of $5, the angels go off behind the barn and laugh, and the bookkeeper heaves a sigh as he enters, 'To blamed old fool who will never learn anything, $5."

A Smoker's Confession.

Hawkeye.

When the—puff—doctor tells me—puff, puff—that—puff—smoking—disagrees with me—puff, puff"—said Mr. Pipeholder, "I—puff, puff—disagree—puff—with the doctor and—puff—I have to—puff, puff—pay costs of both—puff—dis agreements." Puff, puff, puff.

—A GOOD INVESTMENT.—One of our prominent business men said to us the other day: "In the spring my wife got all run down and could not eat anything; passing your store I saw a pile of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the window, and I got a bottle. After she had taken it a week she had a rousing appetite, and did her everything. She took three bottles, and it was the best three dollars I ever invested". C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For the Blade

SUMMER SONNETS.

BY J. H. MATTHEWS.

A Night in June.

Upon the cooling Summer grass the dark
Falls lightly, and the panting violet
Uplifts its purple lip and lash of jet,
To sip the slow descending dews. The lark
Is softly sleeping, pillowed in an ark
Of sighing grasses, like some old regret,
Couched in the bosom of an anchoret,
Amid dead leaves that rattle stiff and stark.
The crooked moon is peering through the pines,
And checkering the lawn with leaves of light,
And belting all the dim fields with broad lines,
That stretch like silver ribbons tare' the night;
Stars on the grass, and fire-flies on the vines,
And sorrow in the breast of every wight.

The Flood.

The rain is on the window, and the mold
Is on the ripening harvest, and the flood
Is raging fearfully in field and wood,
And robing them with waters manifold,
And helpless farmers shudder to behold
The fretful demon lapping at their food,
With lips insatiate, pitiless, and rude,
Like some gaunt wolf that ravages the fold;
A cry for bread breaks from the bottom lands,
From vales of penury, and dales of pain:
And in the rivalry of reaching hands,
We read the world's response above the rain;
Ah, Charity! sweet Charity! she stands
With plenished palms stretched o'er the ruined plain.

To a Sleeping Boy.

Ah, little dreamer! stealing from the day,
The golden keystone of the arching hours,
To lay thy drowsy head among the flowers,
And down Lethean waters sail away!
The wind is in thy ringlets, boy, and they,
In flossy tumult, fall in fairy showers
Around thy cheek, and all thy childish powers
Are chained in sleep, beneath the sun's bright ray.
The beetle, droning in the apple-tree,
Thy mate is, and the whistling bobolink
Sings half his sweetest roundelays to thee;
Sleep, little truant, in the singing grass!
The days will wither, and the years will shrink,
And all too soon thy rosy dreams will pass.

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH.

A Duel Forty Years Ago Between Rival Suitors for a New Orleans Belle.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Yesterday, intently gazing into a show window on Canal street, a feeble, white-haired old gentleman recalled memories of a tragedy which, in the hurly-burly of life, seems to have passed into oblivion.

In 1841, outside of the City proper, there was, perhaps, no more delightful place or resort than at Bayou Bridge. It was par excellence the great suburban attraction at that time, and between boating parties on the waters of the bayou and card reunions over the tables of old Barleduc's gambling saloon out there, the *jeu esse doree* of New Orleans of the day managed quite comfortably to while away many a leisure moment. Possibly no two young men enjoyed the quiet hospitality of Barleduc more than Alphonse Riviere and Henry Celagrave; in fact, most of their afternoons were spent in the dimly-lighted saloon of the old gamester, at whose shrine all the card-loving element of the City paid homage.

Riviere was a dashing fellow of 22, with a large estate in the Parish of St. James and a round account in the old Union Bank. He had passed successfully through the Ecole Polytechnique in France had taken a bout in Algeria and returned to Louisiana as accomplished and companionable a gentleman as one could wish to chat with. He was fond of his horses, his wine and a quiet game of cards. Refined in his manner and dignified in his deportment, he was a prime favorite wherever he went, and his entry into old Barleduc's establishment was always the signal for a cordial greeting from all who might be present.

On this particular June afternoon, Riviere, with the activity of a gymnast, leaped from his buggy in front of his saloon, and throwing the reins to his negro servant, told him to drive to the shade of the pecan trees in the yard. Switching a delicate ivory headed cane with a nervous, jerky motion, he crossed the broad gallery and unannounced entered the gambling room. Most of the players were wrapped in attention to their game, but there was one who turned his head at the entrance of the last comer. This was Delagrave. He felt that a crisis was at hand, but even with this knowledge he did not strive to elude its coming. That morning he had been accepted as the betrothed lover of Mme. Celestin, one of the most beautiful and wealthy widows of the lower coast, and Riviere, who had been for the past year her most devoted admirer, was left to nurse his disappointment as an unsuccessful suitor. Riviere had had no hesitancy in letting the world know that he wanted to marry the coquettish little widow, and, further, he, in a very plain way, gave people the information that he did not want interlopers paying their devoirs at the same shrine. These matters are hard to arrange exactly as one would wish. One finds much difficulty in closing all avenues of approach, for love is not unlike light which the photographer in his dark room finds so much difficulty in keeping out. It steals in under doors, through nail holes and even down the chimneys. At least so it had been the case at Mme. Celestin's, for jealous and watchful of rivals as Riviere was, Delagrave had made the conquest under the very eyes of the enemy, and the widow had that day so informed the unsuccessful suitor.

Riviere was very pale and as he approached the group of men around the table. What with the yellow light shining through the curtains and his bloodless appearance, he seemed rather a ghastly corpse than a living body, but there was motion and voice in him which soon dispelled this allusion.

As he neared Delagrave the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb, said: "Delagrave, we cannot live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigaret, in a cold and impressive tone replied: "Yes; you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead."

Riviere's face flushed, and reaching forward laid the back of his hand gently against Delarave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap, which was so light it did not even crimson the young man's cheek, was enough to call for blood; and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend, to whom he opened his heart. It must be a battle *a outrance*. Such was the enmity between himself and Rivere, only life could wipe it out. The old doctor, who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said; "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

Few people know what sort of a party it was driving down the shell road bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just on the bridge leading to the island formed there by the bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well known character here 40 years ago, accompanied Riviere and old Dr. Racquet was with Delarave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furtively around for the cases of pistols, but seeing none he was a little disconcerted. After walking about 100 yards from the carriages the party stopped and the doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both Mr. Savalle and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the difference between you but the death of one. The world is so formed that both cannot live in it at the same time." The two men nodded. "Therefore," the doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitrament as fair as it is possible, and let fate decide." He took out a black morocco case, and from it procured a pill-box containing four pellets. "One of these," said he, "contains a positive y fatal dose of prussic acid; the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills and let destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or muscle contracted.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle cried out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which, being separated, showed the coin with the revered head of the goddess of liberty uppermost. "M. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the doctor.

Reposing in the little box the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone, through the physiological alembic of the human stomach, can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity; the struggle for breath, the falling of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep for evermore, the cerements, the burial case, the solemn cortege and the close, noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave, having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue and with a cup of claret, handed him by the doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill. Like his opponent he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to the muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen," said the doctor, in solemn tones, "It is time to make the final drawing."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savalle tossed the gold piece aloft, and the doctor cried out, "heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the doctor, "M. Riviere, the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed and there was no movement. Then "Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half around to the left, raised his hands above his head and shrieked a long, wild shriek that belated travelers even to this day say they hear on the shell road, near the island.

He fell prone to the earth, and save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass and said in a tender voice, "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of warm afternoons, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.

RACING WITH A TORNADO.

A Western Train Left in a Spurt with a Roaring Terror of the Air.

Cheyenne Leader.

From Mr. R. Shermerhorn, Pullman car conductor between this point and Kansas City, who came in yesterday, we glean the following account of a tornado he witnessed the evening before last on the Kansas Pacific Road: He says the afternoon had been intensely sultry and hot, and as the train bowled along he noticed heavy banks of clouds gathering in the north. They grew blacker and more dense, and rolled up in alarming proportions, obscuring the sky. It grew dark very rapidly, while along the edges of the cloud the lightning played its fantastic dance. The cloud hung lower and lower, until it seemed to almost touch the ground.

Suddenly a murmur, which increased into a roar, was heard, and at a distance over the prairie could be seen the destroyer at work. Mr. Schermerhorn says it was not a cyclone, as it was not funnel-shaped, but he says it sucked up everything in its path as if they were feathers. It was moving south and toward the small Town of Victoria, which place the train was also approaching. But the wings of the tornado were so strong that they impeded the progress of the train, which, to keep from being blown from the track, was at last compelled to come to a stand-still in the shelter of a bluff. It was now about 6:30 o'clock and quite dark. They could see the town in the distance and the monster swooping down upon it. It struck, and in the dim light the houses seemed to collapse. It then grew darker, and they could see no more, but the terrible roaring, growing fainter and fainter, told that the tornado was passing south.

As the wind subsided the train started and upon approaching the town was signaled to stop by the station agent, who said the storm had struck them and done fearful damage, but how much he could not tell. The train immediately started again and further particulars have not been learned. Mr. Schermerhorn describes the storm as a grand sight.

Midsummer Fashions.

A great many of the most fashionable dresses have tucked skirts.

Tiny pine cones are seen upon new French bonnets.

Bronze-colored shoes with stockings to match are a late English fashion with full-dress toilets.

Nuns' gray riding-habits, relieved by the merest dash of crimson, appear to be a favorite riding-habit in New York this season.

The long French redingote or polonaise takes precedence of all other styles of outer garments for traveling use; and Summer cashmere, vigogne, nuns' cloth, serge and pongee are favorite materials for these.

Langtry turbans are in great demand, as they are becoming to faces either round or slender, and can be worn upon any occasion, the plain or elaborate style of their garniture setting the question of their appropriateness for church, matinee, street or traveling use.

Stamped velvet is now used for the large sun-shades so much in vogue. In cream-white trimmed with

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our read is an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate slips of paper. Questions for this department should never be written on the same half with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

C. H. B., Wellspring, Tenn.: Address H. Bickford, Cincinnati, O.

T. B., Clayton, Mich.: Address A. Galbraith, 209 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. F. A., Montgomery, Mich.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., for catalog of such books as you want.

F. M., Dayton, W. T.: Address John E. Potter & Co., 617 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa. The price of the book is $1.75.

C. W. G., Bolivia, Ill.:

1. How many men were engaged in the Custer massacre? 2. How many survived? 3. What were their names?

1. About 300. 2. One or two. 3. Do not know.

F. W., Upper Tygart, Ky.:

1. Whom did Daniel Boone marry? 2. Was he married more than once?

1. Rebecca Bryan, of North Carolina. 2. No.

W. W. O., Oxford, Wis.:

1. Please give a recipe to cure pimples. 2. What is the premium for cents dated 1794?

1. Consult your physician, or live on half rations till they disappear. 2. Twelve cents.

T., Toledo, O.:

How much revenue is paid by the distillers of the State of Maine, and how much by the brewers?

Maine imports her whisky and beer, generally by the underground route.

J. S. S., Ino Postoffice:

1. Where can I get the most ancient history of man, outside the Bible? 2. Did Tom Paine write the Constitution of the United States? 3. Was Tom Paine an infidel at his death?

1. Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, for catalog. 2. No. 3. Paine was a deist. His "Age of Reason," though denounced as atheistical, expressly inculcates a belief in God. He died in the same belief.

D. S. R., Mecosta, Mich.:

How did Congressman Cox, of New York, obtain the name of "Sunset"?

While editing a paper at Columbus, O., he wrote a glowing description of a "Glorious Old Sunset," and a brother editor, burlesquing the article, called him "Sunset" Cox, a name which has clung to him for 25 years or more.

F. P. W., Tunnelton, Ind.:

1. What is the westerly limit of our Alaska possessions? 2. What is the easterly limit of Japan?

1. Its western limit runs so as to include St. Lawrence and the Isle of Attoo (latitude 52° 58' north, longitude 187° 34' west.) 2. It is bounded on the north by the Sea of Okotsk, on the east by the North Pacific Ocean, on the south by the eastern sea of China, and on the west by the sea of Japan.

A. L. B., Paragon, Ind.:

Please give a recipe for coloring hair a blonde. I have tried a good many things and have not succeeded.

Mix in 10 ounces distilled water one ounce acetate of iron, one ounce nitrate of silver, and two ounces nitrate of bismuth. Moisten the hair with this mixture, and after an hour, touch it with a mixture of equal parts of sulphide of potassium and distilled water.

F. S., Colistoga, Cal.:

1. Can women or minors take out patents and copyrights? 2. Give recipe for harness blacking.

1. The law makes no distinction as to sex or age. 2. Melt one pound beeswax, stir in four ounces ivory-black, two ounces spirits turpentine, two ounces Prussian blue ground in oil, and one-half ounce copal varnish; make into balls; apply with a brush, and polish with silk gently.

G. L. S., Polk Bayou, Ark.:

How many persons are there engaged in agricultural pursuits in the United States, according to the last census? How many persons are there engaged in mechanical pursuits?

Total number engaged in agricultural pursuits, 7,670,493; in professional and personal services (including National, State, City and Town Governments), 4,074,238; in manufactures and mining, 3,837,112; in trade and transportation, 1,510,256.

S. W. G., Boxwood, Wis.:

Please give me the rank and pay of the three highest Generals of the army of the United States at the present time.

General of the Army, W. T. Sherman, $13,500; Lieutenant General, P. H. Sheridan, $11,000; Major General, W. S. Hancock, $7,500. There are two three Major Generals, Hancock being the senior officer. Sherman will retire in a few months, when Sheridan will be General of the Army.

E. C. F., Arapiwall, Neb.:

When was the battle of Sadowa fought? How many men were engaged, and how many were killed?

July 3, 1866. More than 400,000 men were engaged, and the battle lasted from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M. The Austrian loss was 40,000 killed and wounded, 20,000 prisoners, and 174 guns. The Russian loss was estimated at 10,000. The great difference in the losses of the two armies was mainly due to the greater rapidity of fire and longer range of the needle gun used by the Russians.

Reader, Sandy Lake, Pa.:

Can a patent be obtained on any invention that is an infringement on any person's invention?

Infringement consists in the use, sale, or manufacture of the thing patented. It is not an infringement to take out or hold a patent for an improvement upon any other patent. Many an infringing device is worth more than the patent with which it conflicts, and patentees of conflicting inventions usually make satisfactory arrangements with the owners of the prior patent.

Reader, Vaughnsville, O.:

1. Did the people of the United States ever vote on the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment? 2. What proposition did the people of Ohio vote on concerning negro suffrage in 1867? 3. Did the other States of the Union vote on the same proposition at the same time? 4. Did the electors of different States ever vote on any amendment to the United States Constitution?

1. No. 2. To amend the Constitution of the State by striking out the word "white," etc. 3. No. 4. Not directly. The Constitution provides two ways by which amendments may be ratified—first, by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States; second, by Conventions in three-fourths of the States. Congress may determine which of these modes shall be used.

J. B. R., Milton, Ia.:

1. Please give all the information you can concerning Catholic nunneries. 2. Does ex-Pres. Grant receive regular pay from the Government?

1. The monastic institute, from the very earliest time, embraced women as well as men. St. Anthony built one for women in Egypt, and placed his sister over it. St. Pachomius did the same in Palestine. These houses are called abbeys when governed by an abbot or abbess, priories when ruled by a prior or prioress; and when the superior has no such distinctive title, the home is called simply a monastry, convent, or nunnery. Those admitted must first obtain the consent of those in authority, and serve several years on "probation." We have no statistics showing the number of nuns in the United States. 2. No.

School Girl, West Union, Iowa:

Please give a short history of William C. Bryant.

Bryant was a native of Cummington, Mass., and born in 1794. He commenced writing verses before he was 10, and was only 18 when he wrote "Thanatopsis." He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1815; he rapidly rose in his profession, but his tastes inclined him to literature. He removed to New York in 1825, where he first edited the Review, and in 1826 connected himself with the Evening Post, which he soon changed from a Federal to a free trade Democratic journal. He traveled extensively in Europe, and his letters were widely copied, and afterwards published in book form. In 1845 he purchased an ancient mansion near the village of Roslyn, Long Island, where he resided until his death, June 12, 1878.

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The Sunday School.

Israel Defeated at Ai.

LESSON 4, SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1883.

Golden Text.—Be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. 32: 23.

LESSON TEXT.

Joshua 7: 10-26.

10. And the Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?

11. Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them: for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff.

12. Therefore the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies, but turned their backs before their enemies, because they were accursed, neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed thing from among you.

13. Up, sanctify the people, and say, Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow; for thus saith the Lord God of Israel, There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel; thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you.

14. In the morning therefore ye shall be brought according to your tribes, and it shall be, that the tribe which the Lord taketh shall come according to the families thereof; and the family which the Lord shall take shall come by households; and the household which the Lord shall take shall come man by man.

15. And it shall be, that he that is taken with the accursed thing shall be burnt with fire, he and all that he hath; because he hath transgressed the covenant of the Lord, and because he hath wrought folly in Israel.

16. So Joshua rose up early in the morning, and brought Israel by their tribes; and the tribe of Judah was taken

17. And he brought the family of Judah; and he took the family of the Zarhites, and he brought the family of the Zarhites man by man; and Zabdi was taken.

18. And he brought his household man by man; and Achan, the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, of the tribe of Judah, was taken.

19. And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, I pray thee, give glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me.

20. And Achan answered Joshua, and said, indeed I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done.

21. When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them; and, behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it.

22. So Joshua sent messengers, and they ran into the tent; and, behold, it was hid in his tent, and the silver under it.

23. And they took them out of the midst of the tent, and brought them unto Joshua, and unto all the children of Israel, and laid them out before the Lord.

24. And Joshua and all Israel with him, took Achan, the son of Zerah, and the silver and the garment, and the wedge of gold, and his sons and his daughters, and his oxen, and his asses, and his sheep, and his tent, and all that he had, and they brought them unto the Valley of Achor.

25. And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us? the Lord shall trouble thee this day. And all Israel stoned him with stones and burned them with fire, after they had stoned them stones.

26. And they raised over him a great heap of stones unto this day. So the name of that place was called the valley of Achor, unto this day.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There are two lessons in one in this week's Bible portion. The first lesson is from Joshua's part in the narrative. The second is from Achan's. From Joshua's part, there comes the practical lesson:

DUTY IN DISASTER.

I. Don't Yield to Despair (v. 10.)
II. Learn What's the Matter (vs. 11, 12.)
III. Purge out the Evil (vs. 13, 15.)

I. DON'T YIELD TO DESPAIR.

Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? (v. 10.) It has been well said "there are two things we ought never to be crushed by: things which can be helped; and things which can't be helped." If things can be helped, they are not likely to be helped by our lying flat on our faces. If things can't be helped, lying flat on our faces is a posture quite unworthy of a determined spirit, or a contented one. But, above all, a man who God's servant has no right to despair, merely because the course of events is different from his expectations. What if all human helpers have failed us? So long as God is not dead, why should we yield to despair? "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

II. LEARN WHAT'S THE MATTER.

They have even taken of the accursed thing, and they have put it even among their own stuff. Therefore the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies (vs. 11, 12.) If one would be God's representative, he must keep himself pure from the ways of the sinning world. It's of no use trying to build up a church by a lottery, or a grog shop, or a mortgage, or a fair, or anything of that sort. It's no use trying to build up a Christian character by conforming to the fashions or the business standards of outside world. He who would have God's help in church building or character building must be willing to take his stand on God's side, without any dependence on the helps which are the dependence of the other side. And if there is a temporary defeat or disaster in the struggle with evil, it is well to rise up and look the matter right in the face, and see whether any of the accursed things have been taken and put among the Lord's stuff.

III. PURGE OUT THE EVIL.

Up; sanctify yourselves against to-morrow. He that is taken with the accursed thing shall be burnt with fire (vs. 13, 15.)—The choice must be made. God or the Devil must be accepted as master. If we would be on the Lord's side, we must separate ourselves from the Devil and his belongings. No matter what the cost is, we must break away from every indulgence or possession that links us with the Devil's host, and that stands as a barrier to our doing the Lord's work with the Lord's weapons. This is as true now as in the days of Joshua. We can have no assurance of success, even in the best work we attempt, unless we keep ourselves pure from evil. Consecration is the price of success in the Lord's service. Unless we cast out from our habits, and from our hearts, whatever is a mark of the Devil's following, we shall ourselves be cast out from the purified host of the Lord.

The practical lesson from Achan's part in this transaction is:

THE COST OF WRONG-DOING.

I. Wrong-doing will Come Out (vs. 16-23.)
II. Wrong-doing will Involve Others (vs. 22-24.)
III. Wrong-doing will be Punished (vs 25, 25.)

I. WRONG-DOING WILL COME OUT.

So Joshua brought Israel by their tribes, and Achan was taken; and Achan said, Indeed I have sinned; and thus and thus have I done (vs. 16-20.) Be sure your sins will find you out." "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known." Not every man has a lot fall on him to mark his guilt, as had Achan and Jonah. Not every man makes confession as squarely as did Achan and Jonah, when suspected of crime. But no man can indulge in wrong-doing and not feel the effects of it. And God has so ordered it that the inner character and the indulged course shall disclose themselves on the outer man. We all have tell-tale faces as well as tell-tale tongues. If we are not pure in life, we cannot permanently pass for pure among our fellows. And all things in nature tend to openness, not to concealment. In one way or another, murder will out, and so wrong-doing of any sort will out. The only way of being safe against having wrong-doing charged upon us, and proved against us, is by being free from wrong-doing.

II. WRONG-DOING WILL INVOLVE OTHERS.

And Joshua, with all Israel with him, took Achan, and his sons and his daughters, and all that he had, and they brought them unto the Valley of Achor (v. 24.) The saddest side of most wrong-doing is in its effect on others than the wrong-doer. The innocent commonly suffer more than the guilty in any case of transgression. It is the wife who suffers most for the crime of her husband; or the husband's for the wife's. It is the children who bear most heavily the shame of the father's or the mother's fall. It is the parent's heart which breaks when the child goes hopelessly astray. Nor is it any special harshness of Joshua and Israel that includes the innocent family in the guilty man's wrong-doing and its consequences. The wrong-doer himself is responsible for it. It is of no use for us to say that now is a better day than formerly in this matter. Every man that does wrong, like Achan, involves his sons and daughters, and all that he has, in the consequence of his wrong-doing, as surely as Achan involved his loved ones in the consequences of his sin. Even if a man is willing to brave the consequences to himself of a course of evil, he ought to be held back from sinning by the thought of the sure consequences of his course, in which his dear ones must be involved.

III. WRONG-DOING WILL BE PUNISHED.

Why hast thou troubled us? The Lord shall trouble thee. And all Israel stoned him with stones (v. 25.) "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If he sows the seeds of trouble, he shall reap a crop of troubles. This is in accordance with the law that runs alike through the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace: a law that is unfailingly operative. When a man enters on a course of wrong-doing, he deliberately sets himself against the Lord; he practically defies the Lord, and gives him battle. It then becomes a question whether the Lord shall be vanquished or shall triumph. Who can doubt the result in such a contest? Whoever has no doubt on this point ought to have a care not to raise the issue in his own case.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

PENSION MATTERS.

Increase in New Claims Filed—16,000 Pension Agents.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Commissioner Dudley, in conversation the other day said that he believed the promise to Congress that every pension claim would have been considered by his Department by the close of the fiscal year would be fulfilled. He had not verified these statements by the records of the Department as yet, but from what he could ascertain he believed there was no new claim pending before the Department the settlement of which was not dependent upon some information to be furnished by the claimant. There had been during the year a considerable increase in the number of claims filed over that of last year, as the following figures will show:

	1882.	1883.
Original invalids	29,004	$7,306
Original widows	10,349	13,999
Original navy invalids	474	880
Original navy widows	411	
War of 1812 survivors	85	848
War of 1812 survivors (widows)	818	

"The increase, you notice," remarked the Commissioner, "is principally in the invalid class."

"Why is there such an increase in new claims when there ought to be a decrease?" asked the reporter.

"One would suppose that the claims would decrease in number," observed the Commissioner; "but it should be remembered that there is a fee of $10 for every claim, and the attorneys are interested in procuring new claims. The passage of the law of June 20, 1878," he continued, "which left the fee entirely between the claimant and the attorney, was supposed to do away with all abuses that had been complained of, but such is not the case. The attorney can now collect his fee before the claim is passed. This, perhaps, explains the springing up of these sporadic pension firms. It would be interesting, if you could get the facts, to know what proportion of claims filed by these firms have been allowed. It is quite an instructive commentary on the effect of this law when the fact is known that that the number of attorneys before this Department has increased from 4,000 to 16,000 since its passage."

A CREOLE MOTHER,

Crazed by the Death of Her Son, Digs Open the Grave and Attempts to Carry Off the Corpse.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—Yesterday afternoon the attention of the sexton of St. Louis Cemetery, on Claiborn street, was called to an unusual noise in the yard. Following the direction of the sound he came upon a woman bending down in front of a broken tombstone. Before her was a coffin, the lid of which was wrenched off, and lay on the ground. The woman was stooping over a dead body. The scene was a wild and ghastly one—the broken tomb, the long, black coffin, with the lid thrown on one side, and this strange woman, with stranger gestures and appearance, holding a corpse in her arms and kissing the moldering and bloated lips.

The sexton at once placed her under arrest and took her to the Fourth Station. There she gave her name as Mrs. Frank Ducoing. Her husband, a prominent Creole druggist, was informed of the affair, and going to the station, identified his wife and explained her conduct. The corpse was the body of their son, who had died from small pox three weeks ago. The mother became crazed at the death of her child, and was not able to see the body before burial. Mrs. Ducoing, being questioned as to her strange action, said she only wanted to get a lock of her boy's face, and had broken open the tomb with her own fingers, removed the mortar and bricks, drawn forth the coffin, torn off the lid, and taken the body in her arms, with which she was about to flee from the yard when discovered. The woman is raving mad, and calls continually upon her poor dead boy by name.

ADULTERATED LARD.

Tallow and Beef Bones Labeled "Prime Steam."

CHICAGO, July 6.—In the lard investigation before the Board of Trade Committee, in which McGeoch charges Fowler Bros. with adulteration of prime steam lard, the case of the defense was concluded this afternoon with the testimony of Prof. Bell field of Rush Medical College, who exhibited a series of magnified photographs of lard and tallow, showing their differences in crystalization, together with specimens of adulterated lard.

The prosecution then put on the stand Wm. Martin, formerly foreman for Fowler Bros., who corroborated the statements made by former witnesses, to the effect that tallow and beef bones were mixed with hog fat and put into rendering tanks, and the product put in tierces and labeled "Prime Steam." He knew this positively, because he had entire charge of rendering; that in December last between 5,000 and 6,000 tierces of this stuff was made for Fowler Bros., and tierced as prime steam lard. This evidence contradicts that given by Prof. Rose, chemist for Fowler Bros.

MORE LAND.

Chief Moses Agrees to Surrender His Reservation of 2,000,000 Acres.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—As the result of the conference with Sec. Teller to-day, Chief Moses agreed to surrender his reservation in Washington Territory and to settle with his people on the Colville reservation, adjoining. Chief Tomaskat, who represents the Indians now on Colville reservation, was present at the conference and agreed to receive Moses and his people. Chief Tomaskat requested Sec. Teller to erect upon the Colville reservation a saw mill, grist mill and school house, and furnish a physician for the Indians. Chief Moses gave notice he would expect compensation for the relinquishment of his reservation. It is expected the agreement between the Government and Chief Moses will result in throwing open for settlement 2,000,000 acres.

Compare the dose and quantity of Hood's Sarsaparilla and you have conclusive proof of its superior strength and cheapness. Try it.

Frightful Powder Explosion.

OGDEN, July 6.—The building of the Utah Powder Works Company, located at Ogden Canyon, exploded at 5:30 P. M. to-day, blowing the building to atoms and instantly killing a man named Porter and injuring several other workmen. The charred remains of Porter were found with a board driven through his neck by the force of the explosion.

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Safety! Economy!! Certainty of Good Results!!!
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BOSTON SCHOOL OF ORATORY.
Full course two years; shorter course one year. The English and Delsarte systems of gesture; light gymnastics. Term begins Oct. 4th. Apply at 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., after Oct. 1st, from 10 to 12 A. M., or for catalogues, address at any time H. R. RAYMOND, Prin.

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The Largest and best appointed Music Conservatory and Art School, and ALONE IN ITS class in the world.

Free Trade vs. Protection.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 7.—Fourteen graduates of Williams College, including George H. Eley, of Cleveland, have sent a protest to the Trustees against the way free trade is taught by Prof. Perry. They especially object to having the Cobden Club prize awarded at Williams. The Trustees appointed a Committee to consider the advisability of having a course of protection lectures.

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POPULAR MONTHLY DRAWING
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TUESDAY, JULY 31.
These Drawings occur on the last day of each month (Sunday's excepted). Repeated adjudication by Federal and State Courts have placed this Company beyond the controversy of the law. This Company belongs the sole honor of having inaugurated the only plan by which their drawings are proven honest and fair beyond question.
N. B.—The Company has now on hand a large Capital and Reserve Fund. Read carefully the list of prizes for the
JULY DRAWING:

1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes, $100 each,	$100,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes, 50 each,	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes, 20 each,	12,000
		1,000 Prizes, 10 each,	10,000
10 Prizes, $1,000 each,	$10,000		
20 Prizes, 500 each,	10,000		
9 Prizes, $300 each,	2,700	Approximation Prizes,	$ 2,700
9 Prizes, 200 each,	1,800	" "	1,800
9 Prizes, 100 each,	900	" "	900
1,960 Prizes			$112,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Tickets, $1.
27 Tickets, $50. 55 Tickets, $100.
Remit money or bank draft in letter or send by express. Currency by Express or Registered Letter or Postoffice Order. Orders of $5 and upwards by express can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier Journal building, Louisville, Ky.

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They are redeemed in two drawings annually, in which 100 large premiums of
60,000, 10,000, 5,000
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Every Austrian 5 per cent. 100 florin bond which does not draw one of the larger premiums must be redeemed with at least
120 FLORINS,
As there are NO BLANKS, and every bond must draw something.
The next drawing takes place on the
1st of AUGUST, 1883,
And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of August is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Country orders sent by REGISTERED LETTERS and INCLOSING $5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
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40 Large size, all Gold and Silver Motto Cards, with your name, 10c. Agent's Beauty. Rolled Gold Seal Ring for only 50 cts. Agent's Album, 25 cts. 50 Varieties of Cards in the Album. Ever Sold. CALLING BROTHERS, Northford, Conn.

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$72 a week, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.
$65 a MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each County. Address W. P. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.
$250 A MONTH, Agts wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich
AGENTS wanted to sell Dr. Chase's 2,000 Recipe Book. Address Dr. Chase's Print'g House, Ann Arbor, Mich
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$3.00 per day and income. Can use 30 good men. Address, with stamp, F. N. COLWELL, Kearney, Buffalo Co., Nebraska
AGENTS WANTED for handsome illustrated standard BOOKS AND BIBLES; works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; liberal terms. Write GARRETSON & Co., Odd Fellows Block, Columbus, O
Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O
Agents wanted to sell our great work "The Lost Explorers," an account of the ill-fated JEANNETTE EXPEDITION, by Officer NEWCOMB & other survivors. Quick sales. Big profits. Send 61 cents for Circulars & Agency, to AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO. Hartford Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis. Mention this paper

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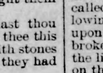

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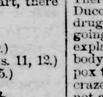

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, July 12, 1883.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3—Nasby in Exile.
" 4—Our Country (poetry.)
" 4-5-6—His Wife (selected story). Poetry Miscellany.
" 6-7—Recollections of Pioneer Life in West.
" 8—Good Runs.

SECOND PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5-6—Miscellany.
" 7-8—Telegraphic News.

THIRD PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 4—The Sunday School.
" 5—Telegraphic News.
" 6-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Review of the Week.
" 3-4-5—Editorial on Leading Topics.
" 6-7—Nasby's Letter.
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4—Correspondence.
" 5—Bradley's Speech.
" 6—A Golden Opportunity.
" 7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 6-7—The Young Folks.
" 8—Miscellany.

SEVENTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2—The Farm.
" 3—The Queen of the Stage.
" 4-5-6—Telegraphic News.
" 8—Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 3-4—Telegraphic News.
" 5-6-7—The Markets—Advertisements.

Circulation Last Week, 96,000.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLADE 97,000.

Our circulation last week was 96,000, and this week we are compelled to add 1,000, making it 97,000. Next week we shall, unquestionably, reach 100,000. There is no such newspaper success on record and it has very much the appearance of a steady continuance. There is no reason why it should not be. There is no such weekly paper as the BLADE in this or any other country.

NEW YORK *Morning Journal:* The question of the day: "Isn't it torrid?"

WE send specimen copies of the BLADE to all applicants, free of postage. Write a postal card.

WATTERSON is now trying to coax RANDALL not to be a candidate for Speaker.

THERE seems to be a general opinion that Sergt. MASON has suffered enough for his offense and that he should be released.

THE Munich International Art Exhibition was opened Sunday with grand ceremonies. The display is said to be very beautiful.

THE cholera may not come to us next year, but we will probably have the toy pistol with us still, and the mortality reports will range about the same.

SEND us the names of your friends who are not subscribers to the BLADE, that we may show them what kind of a paper they can have for $1 a year. You can't send us too many.

THERE is a loud call for a fire-proof poorhouse and insane asylum. The favorite model seems to be built with more reference to burning up the inmates than anything else.

THE Nasby Letters, on political and other topics, will be continued regularly. They meet with as much favor as at any time during their life of nearly a quarter of a century.

THE bunko men are flocking to Denver, where they expect to get fat pickings from the numerous excursions, conventions, etc., which are to visit or sit in the Mountain City this Summer.

A PIECE of the tunic worn by the Savior at his crucifixion was promptly sent down to Frohsdorf when the Count of CHAMBORD's symptoms became serious. He will probably die, all the same.

THEY claim now that there are more Catholics in New York than in any City in the world. This seems strange when one remembers that Paris and Vienna are nominally nearly all Catholics.

THE Shah of Persia, who intends making a 45-days' pilgrimage from Teheran to Meshed, seems to be somewhat incumbered with baggage, since, according to the Paris papers, 3,000 mules and camels are required for its carriage.

ANYBODY may make a few dollars spending-money in an hour or two, making up short-time clubs for the BLADE. A postal card will bring you particulars. We want a good agent in every community in the country. Agents are sending in clubs daily of fifties and hundreds.

THE Old Testament is still in the hands of the American revisers, who are preparing the "American Appendix," that is, selecting from all of their readings which were rejected by the English revisers, those passages which they deem worthy to lay before the public, but it will be published next Spring.

AN exercise in the art of taking and of holding a fortress will be held at Coblentz, Germany, next Fall. It will continne 14 days and is designed to illustrate by actual practice the manuvers and methods which come into use in doing such a thing in war time. A large number of the highest German military men will take part.

We are booking thousands of short-time subscribers daily, but we have room for as many more as choose to do themselves a good turn. It is no trouble for any one to raise clubs of short-time subscribers and we pay liberally. We want some one who desires to make a few dollars in an hour or two, in every town in the United States. All those who have attempted it have done well for themselves. Send a postal card for our terms to agents for short-time clubs.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE anticipated visit of the President to the Yellowstone Park has been abandoned, because he did not feel it right to be so far from communication with the Capital. At first he thought he could obviate this by having a line of telegraph constructed, proposing to pay for the same out of his own pocket, if the cost did not exceed $600 or $700. As the Chief Signal Officer reported that the cost would be in the neighborhood of $5,000, the President decided that this would be too much to pay for the pleasures of such a trip, and it was accordingly given up.

THERE is a good deal of talk in the papers, especially the Democratic papers, about Pres. ARTHUR and a second term. The general impression is that ARTHUR is one of the millions of American citizens who would be willing to serve the country in the capacity of Chief Magistrate, for the four years succeeding his present term. Undoubtedly there is a very kindly feeling throughout the country just now toward Pres. ARTHUR. He has conquered the prejudices of many people and earned the respect of the average American citizen.

AN interesting issue has arisen involving a question of rights between the General Government and the State of Louisiana. The latter State, as is well known, has legalized gambling by lotteries. The Postoffice Department has ruled that the mails may not be used for any immoral purposes, and among others for in any way aiding lottery schemes. The late Postmaster-General KEY, in pursuance of this policy, forbade the delivery of registered letters or payment of money orders to the proprietors of the Louisiana State Lottery, but suspended the order upon learning that the parties would test the case in the Supreme Court. A case was indeed brought in that Court, but subsequently dismissed without hearing, and now Postmaster-General GRESHAM has reinstated the interdict. The issue is an interesting one, as individual rights granted and made legal by a State Government are invaded by the United States. There can be little doubt, however, that the General Government will prevail in the contest, and the lottery system of the Creole State be utterly broken up, for no business can succeed in the present day which is tabooed the mails. And every good citizen will rejoice, for every student of history and social philosophy knows that all forms of gambling are pernicious and destructive of the honor and purity of the people and the commonwealth.

THE House of Commons, on Friday, rejected, by a vote of 130 to 114, Mr. HUGH MASON'S motion for the bestowment of suffrage on women who by virtue of the property qualification already possess the municipal franchise. To ardent advocates of the cause this result may be a disappointment. They will be unable to perceive why the exceedingly moderate and qualified measure of Mr. MASON should not have passed the popular branch of Parliament. Yet, to those who look backward as well as forward, the fact that it came within 16 votes of passing will seem an omen full of promise. It is a measure of the substantial progress which the idea of endowing women with their political rights has made in England under a woman's prosperous and creditable reign. In England reforms usually move slowly. In England the Magna Charta for the feminine portion of the population has yet to be signed.

IN so slow a City as Philadelphia people have to live a good while to get as much of life as people elsewhere do in a shorter time. During the first six months of the present year *The Public Ledger* chronicled the deaths of 509 persons who had lived to and beyond the age of 80 years. This number exceeds the record for the first half of 1882 by 20, and the record for the first half of 1881 by 60, and nearly equals the total for the entire year 1874. It is noticeable also that the list for the six months just ended contains 75 more women than men; and of the 83 individuals who lived to and beyond the age of 90 years, 19 were men and 64 were women.

THE English have a queer idea of practical Christianity. A burglar caught at work in Cleveland said he had been in Portsmouth prison for robbery, and was to be on ticket-of-leave for 18 months and under police surveillance for five years after leaving jail. Therefore, when the St. Charles Christian Society of London proposed to give him $30 spending money and pay his fare "of course he came at once." He said there were four more convicts on the ship in which he had come over, and when asked if many rogues came over answered: "A good many. They don't like to leave the old country, but they are allowed money by the Government if they do, and get a free passage from the Christian societies. But this is nothing compared with getting rid of ticket-of-leave and police surveillance."

THE locusts are invading Russia and doing great damage. They have swarmed over and totally destroyed the crops of a fertile tract of about 50,000 acres lying near Charkoff. Many other districts are suffering in the same way, despite the most energetic measures to check their progress. The Government of Novokopersch has voted 25,000 rubles for the purpose, and the Governor himself has left for the desolated districts. In Taganrog grain and locusts are burnt together in order to stamp out the pests. In the Government of Barrissoglebsk they are ravaging in a track of about 70,000 acres. Six thousand soldiers have been sent to assist the inhabitants of the district, but they are powerless to check the locusts' advance.

THEY had a real enjoyable time at a dance at Russellville, Ky., on Fourth of July evening. Two promising young men were killed, and two equally promising were seriously wounded. Kentucky continues to be like the San Diego immortalized in JOHN PHŒNIX's famous poem, where

All day long was heard
The pleasant pop of the pistol,
And the high shriek of the victim,
Shot through the gizzard.

WHAT is the reason England does not "assist" her emigrants to some other country than the United States? Under her flag are new countries aggregating altogether several times the area of this. Canada, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, all have immense areas of unoccupied lands, for which they desire settlers. If these emigrants were anything but public burdens she would send them to some of her own colonies.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

A calm, impartial survey of the political field makes the outlook for the Republican party in this Fall's elections appear quite as encouraging as the crop prospects are.

Naturally the Democrats assume a confidence tho' they have it not. They undoubtedly have considerable, born of their successes last year. It seems singular, however, that they can forget how often hopes quite as bright as these, engendered by the victories of "off years," have turned to dust and ashes when the real campaigns have come on the next year.

The difficulty has mainly been their utter inability to make any decent use of power after they have attained to it. If when elected to a host of small and great offices in Republican Cities, Counties and States they had conducted themselves with efficiency, decency and moderation, they would have won the people over to a permanent support of their party; its iniquitous past would have been forgotten, and a permanent lease of power given it. But the reverse was always the case. The moment a small success was achieved the Democrats became perfectly insane in their eagerness to gather all the fruits of it. If they got a few County offices they were ravenous with hunger to pillage the Treasury, grab all the contracts, and thrust both hands into the pockets of the tax-payers. If they elected a Governor or Legislature in Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois, or some other Republican State, they were crazy to "reorganize" all the institutions, so as to fill them with Democrats, from Superintendent down to scrub women. They legislated every old-tried official they could out of place, and legislated in the lowest types of their Ward-strikers and heelers. If they elected a Congress they at once began to talk about "wiping out every vestige of the legislation of the war," and of inaugurating steals at which the whole Nation stood aghast. Of course, at the first election afterwards the people turned the whole gang out—neck and crop—and restored the Republicans.

The same thing has been repeated with little variations in the elections of last year and the year before, when the Democrats carried everything, and the happenings since then. Democratic Governors and their followers in California, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, have terribly disappointed everybody, and disgusted all those who expected radical reforms by "a change."

In Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Michigan, where the Democrats obtained some marked successes, their conduct has been equally repugnant. Everywhere, instead of illustriously laboring to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and to show that the public could safely repose confidence in them, they have acted like a drove of hungry swine, newly let into a corn field. They have not only shown the most intemperate greed for everything that could be converted into spoils, but they have acted as if they had received a full warranty deed for all the earth and the fulness thereof.

The inevitable reaction has come, as it has come so often before, and this Fall the Republicans will sweep the line from Maine to California.

CROPS.

Contrary to the general opinion this year's crops will be fair, and in some cases very good. In Ohio the damp, backward Spring has retarded corn, but the present hot weather is helping it. Wheat will probably amount to about 22,300,000 bushels, which is about 57 per cent. of the average. Potatos and timothy are doing better than usual, while rye, oats, barley, clover, tobacco, beans and sorghum fall a little behind. Reports from Illinois state that the weather of the past few weeks has been very favorable to grain and other crops, and the prospects are quite flattering for a good crop. Fruit is not quite an average. In Iowa the weather has been very unpropitious, being cloudy and disagreeable till within the last fortnight, when sunshine once more appeared. Wheat, oats and rye, while not fully up to the State's standard will give a good crop. The corn has met with a series of reverses which have thrown it back so that only about two-thirds of a crop is expected. In Michigan things are a trifle unsettled, as fine fruit crops with poor grain are reported from one part of the State, while another gives a statement diametrically opposite, but generally the outlook is good. In Wisconsin high winds and heavy rainstorms are said to have laid the grain, but no damage has been done that may not be repaired by favorable weather. The small-fruit crop is good, while hay in most parts has yielded the best crop ever known in the State. Indiana will have a very good wheat crop, and though the rust has put in an appearance it is too late to do any harm. Other grains, except corn are doing well. Fruit is fair and potatos promise an abundant yield. In Kansas the farmers are jubilant, with almost everything doing well and grain an immense crop. A number of car loads of new wheat grading mostly No. 2, have been shipped. Dakotan grain crops promise to be very large, and although the unfavorable weather of a week or two ago did them much damage, estimated at 15 per cent, still it is believed the loss will be fully repaired before harvest, which will occur about August 1. In Missouri the wheat is poor, the yield as compared with last season's, being reduced about 60 per cent. Corn, hay, fruit and oats, especially the last, are extremely good. Hay in Minnesota is very good and the other crops are fair. In Nebraska everything is doing well. In Texas corn, wheat, rye, barley, and sweet potatos are in good condition. Grapes and oats are unusually good, while the peaches and apples are only a partial crop. Cotton is a trifle late, but promises an enormous crop, it being estimated that at least 7,100,000 bales will be produced. This would be 50 per cent. better than the best crop grown before the war, and 1,600,000 bales more than last year's crop. In Maryland the yield of wheat is smaller than last year's, but it is of such good quality that on the whole it is a fair crop. Corn is much better than usual. Peaches are only half a crop but enough better in quality to more than make up. Other fruit is abundant. It is too early to form an opinion of the tobacco crop, but it will probably be good. New York crops are doing well though grain is behind.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

"ASSISTED EMIGRANTS."

There is one great politico-economic fact connected with immigration to this country that our people strangely ignore.

That is, that the most valuable product by far that is imported into this country is an able-bodied, industrious man or woman. This is especially true if the man or woman is young.

We are indebted to Europe for very much, but the greatest bulk of the debt is for the millions of able-bodied laborers that we have drawn from her to build up our country.

Look at it in this way: The labor of the average laborer during his lifetime is worth to the community about $30,000. But from this aggregate must be deducted the cost of supporting and educating him until he arrives at the productive age, and of maintaining him after he has ceased to be able to perform productive labor. From it must also be deducted the cost of supporting the invalids, cripples, the children who die before reaching the productive age, and the habitually idle and vicious. Immigration enriches us at the expense of Europe, because the that country has the whole expense of maintaining the working man during his childhood, of educating him into the pursuit he is to follow, and then, just as he arrives at where he will make some return for his expenses to the community, he emigrates to this country, and gives us the benefit of his 30 years of productive usefulness, for which Europe has been at the expense of fitting him. Still farther, Europe must maintain the invalids and cripples and the idle and vicious, for these rarely emigrate.

Suppose that there are 1,000 youths in a given District in Germany. The community has had to bear the expense of supporting and educating these young men for 20 years, until they have gotten where they will begin to pay back this outlay. Not all of the 1,000 will of course, because about 50 of them are certain to be either cripples, confirmed invalids, idiotic, insane, hopeless loafers, criminals, or in some other way incapable of earning their own living. This is true of every civilized community. Naturally, the 950 able-bodied and industrious youths have to bear the expense of taking care of those who are deficient physically or mentally.

But suppose 200 of the 1,000 conclude to emigrate to this country. Germany will in the first place lose and we will gain all that it has cost to support these 200 during their childhood. Then the remaining 750 able-bodied and industrious will have to bear the whole burden of supporting the 50 incompetent, idle and vicious.

Naturally the Europeans think that as we yearly cull from them a million or so of their best young men and women, whose breeding to an adult age has been very costly, we ought also to take our share of those who are worthless by reason of physical or mental defectiveness. Naturally, too, we object. We stand to Europe in the attitude of two dealers in an exchange of merchandize. We want to take all the first-class merchantable goods, and reject all the "seconds" and "culls," and Europe insists that if we take any we shall make a "lump-lot"—that, as it is frequently expressed, "The tail shall go with the hide."

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

The Bourbon family is divided into two parts, the elder, or Bourbons proper, and the younger, or Orleanists. Count DE CHAMBORD, who is now dying, his death being expected every hour, from the bursting of an intestinal tumor, is the head of the former, and is, by right of succession HENRI V., King of France. He was born September 29, 1820, at the Palace of Tuileries, his father being Duc DE BERRI, nephew of King LOUIS XVIII., and his mother CAROLINE, daughter of the Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies. The first 10 years of the heir to the throne of France were passed pleasantly enough, every luxury possible being showered upon him. Then came the death of his great uncle, King LOUIS, and the crowning of his grandfather, CHARLES X. Next was the revolution of 1830, in which CHARLES X. lost his throne and the Duke of Orleans, taking advantage of the crisis, proclaimed himself King, altho the former had formally abdicated in favor of his grandson. Driven from France, grandson and grandfather took refuge in England on August 17, leaving LOUIS PHILLIPPE, Duke of Orleans, on the throne as head of a constitutional monarchy, modeled after that of England, and which lasted till 1848. The Count afterward went to Goritz, in Illyria, where he resided for a number of years, the only noteworthy happening being a fall from a horse, in 1841, which lamed him. He married in 1845, and in 1870, after the disaster at Sedan, he had a chance at the throne, but, like a true Bourbon, threw it away by refusing to adopt the tri-color, the flag of modern France, and throw away the white one of old France. For many years he has been leading a retired life at Frohsdorf, of ccurse issuing vast numbers of manifestos on every occasion. On his death one of the Orleans branch, Count DE PARIS, the same one who served in our war, and who is issuing a history of it, will be legally the head of the family, and, if chance should throw it in his way, King of France, though that is not likely, since the Gauls decidedly object to a King, much preferring a President, and anyhow, were such a chance to offer it would be snapped up by the NAPOLEONS.

ABOUT two years ago there was a flurry in the lard market very similar to that which occurred a short time ago, and, as the number of hogs slaughtered did not seem to be at all in proportion with the amount of lard on the market, chemists were set to investigate things. They soon reported that while they knew the difference between stearine, olein and other constituents of fatty matters, chemistry had no tests which could tell the difference between beef fat and hog fat. The corner broke and the matter was dropped but the investigation has been again taken up, this time by the microscopists and brought to a successful conclusion. The adulteration of lard by tallow is, fortunately for consumers, harmless but nevertheless a valuable point has been gained.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

ABSENT, BUT UNFORGOTTEN.

We miss this year one of our regualar Summer visitors. The fierce-jawed Potato Bug cometh not yet. Stayed are the wheels of his chariot, and the deadly clamp of his mandibles, though the dog-days are already at hand, and the sun in Leo blazes the hot noon of Summer.

Why is this?

Everybody and everything else who and which hastens to us on the wings of flowery May and rose-blooming June is here in numbers and activity exceeding the visitation of any former year. The musketo has been trilling his merry horn and sinking his sultry little lance into us this many weeks. The buzzing fly has already gotten in much of his yearly work in executing eccentric dados on the walls, and peculiar friezes on bald heads. All sorts of unnamable bugs and insects hold Democratic ward meeting around the evening lamp and screech, and buzz, and butt their brainless heads against each other and everything else, as if they were Hoadly delegates on the last day of the convention. Caterpillars build rookery tenements in the apple-trees, slimy slugs gnaw at the hearts of rosebuds like disappointment at the soul of beauty, green worms with more horns and mouths and claws than the Beast in Revelations chew night and day at the tomatos, cabbage, pumpkins and squashes. Every one of the old and familiar insects and creatures, with some new ones—the dude for example—are present and accounted for. They all answer roll call except the Potato Bug.

The failure of the Potato-Bug to arrive has been a great disappointment. More labor and money was expended in preparing an adequate reception for him than for the coronation of the Czar of All the Russias. Numberless tons of Paris green, "London purple," and similarly highly-seasoned viands were manufactured for his entertainment, the ingenuity and mechanical skill of the country were devoted to constructing apparatus and devices with which to feed him these refreshments and spare him the trouble of waiting for himself, and the 15 or 20 million of men, women and children who constitute our landed aristocracy looked forward eagerly to when they should meet him, and spend some weeks in his company, welcoming him with arsenic-etted hands to a green and purple grave. Even the earth seems to be making extraordinary efforts for his entertainment, for the reports of the Agricultural Bureau show that the potato crop was never so plentiful as it is this year. Periodically the Bureau has telegraphed over the country: "Potatos, acreage, 106; crop, 125."

But this has failed to encourage him to come out. He has persistently remained in the romantic seclusion of his Colorado home, and foregone his customary triumphant journey from the mountains to the sea.

Doubtless he has his reasons for this modest retirement. With the herd of GOULDS, VANDERBILTS, ol' clo dealers, plumbers and the like continually on the go, travel is rapidly becoming vulgarized, and really old and distinguished families, like the Potato Bugs find it more "high-toned," and "bettah fohm, you knaw, to stay at home."

SOCIAL REFORM.

"It is deplorable, deplorable," says the Pessimist, "to see how rapidly the world is going to ruin. Things grow worse every day. The papers are full of dishonest failures, defalcations and dishonesty of all kinds to say nothing of other evils. In fact an honest man under all temptations is getting to be an exception."

This is a dark way of looking at the matter, and an untrue one, for mankind is no worse to-day than a hundred years ago, in fact, if there is a difference, it is better. Human nature is much the same at all times, but enlightened human nature in the aggregate acts upon much higher grounds than the ignorant and sensual. Social agitations of all kinds are only indexes of the growth of the public mind in certain directions. This growth may become abnormal and need cutting down in order not to become a crying evil.

The great number of betrayals of trust in people of good positions, like those recently reported in New York and Boston, are examples of this state of things. They are really the result of defects in our social system, brought about by a movement which was originally an excellent one, and also by the principle taught at every step through the life of a citizen of the United States, that all men are born free and equal. One hundred years ago there was little of luxury enjoyed by any class except the extremely few who were at the top of the social ladder. Art works, esthetic surroundings, etc., were almost unknown in the homes of the land, and tastes in these things entirely uncultivated. But within a very short time this has entirely changed. Books and pictures have multiplied, art journals have successfully striven to stimulate a desire for the best of these and consequently the most expensive, until to-day very few even of the humblest cottages but show evidences of this birth and growth of a love for the beautiful. Good things have grown cheaper, but not in proportion as the wish for them has increased, or if not the wish, the feeling that they must be had in order to maintain a certain social status. As a consequence of luxuries having come to appear as necessities, the expenditures of all classes have grown rapidly and in many cases beyond a due proportion with their means. Temptations then come with renewed power, and joining them with the feeling that one has an equal right with another to enjoy the beautiful, the mischief is done.

The remedy lies in returning to a more simple style of living, and to this end those earnest workers for the good of humanity need to turn their attention. There is an intemperance in spending which is growing rapidly and causing the ruin of many lives. It will do no good to simply preach reform to those whose means are limited, but its necessity must be impressed upon those who are able to enjoy luxuries, for example's sake. In other words, society generally must moderate its demands upon individuals, and thus take away many of the motive powers which rush men into extravagance, dishonesty, shame and ruin.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We wish every family receiving the BLADE could also possess a copy of the Illustrated Bible Biography, the handsome $3 book we are now mailing postpaid for $1.25. Out of nearly 5,000 copies printed, we have only some 300 left, and they are going fast. Secure a copy while you can.

CINCINNATI *Commercial Gazette:* There is a growing impression in Massachusetts that Gov. BUTLER has quietly had his cheek tanned at Tewksbury.

NASBY.

[illegible], said the doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle cried out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the places of which, being separated, showed the coin with the revered head of the goddess of liberty uppermost. "M. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the doctor.

Reposing in the little box the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone, through the physiological alembic of the human stomach, can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity; the struggle for breath, the falling of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep for evermore, the cerements, the burial case, the solemn cortege and the close, noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave, having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue and with a cup of claret, handed him by the doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill. Like his opponent he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to the muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen," said the doctor, in solemn tones, "It is time to make the final drawing."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savalle tossed the gold piece aloft, and the doctor cried out, "heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the doctor, "M. Riviere, the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed and there was no movement. Then "Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half around to the left, raised his hands above his head and shrieked a long, wild shriek that belated travelers even to this day say they hear on the shell road, near the island.

He fell prone to the earth, and save a convulsive contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass and said in a tender voice, "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of warm afternoons, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The light of a pill box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.

RACING WITH A TORNADO.

Western Train Left in a Spurt with a Roaring Terror of the Air.

Cheyenne Leader.

From Mr. R. Shermerhorn, Pullman car conductor between this point and Kansas City, who came in yesterday, we glean the following account of a tornado he witnessed the evening before last on the Kansas Pacific Road: He says the afternoon had been intensely sultry and hot, and as the train bowled along he noticed heavy banks of clouds gathering in the north. They grew blacker and more dense, and rolled up in alarming proportions, obscuring the sky. It grew dark very rapidly, while along the edges of the cloud the lightning played its fantastic dance. The cloud hung lower and lower, until it seemed to almost touch the ground.

Suddenly a murmur, which increased to a roar, was heard, and at a distance over the prairie could be seen the destroyer at work. Mr. Schermerhorn says it was not a cyclone, as it was not funnel-shaped, but he says it sucked up everything in its path as if they were feathers. It was moving south and toward the small Town of Victoria, which place the train was also approaching. But the signs of the tornado were so strong that they impeded the progress of the train, which, to keep from being blown from the track, was at last compelled to come to a stand-still in the shelter of a bluff.

It was now about 6:30 o'clock and quite dark. They could see the storm in the distance and the monster was popping down upon it. It struck, and the dim light the houses seemed to colonize. It then grew darker, and they could see no more, but the terrible roaring growing fainter and fainter, told that the tornado was passing south.

As the wind subsided the train started and upon approaching the town was signaled to stop by the station agent, who told the storm had struck them and done terrible damage, but how much he could not tell. The train immediately started on and further particulars have not been learned. Mr. Schermerhorn describes the storm as a grand sight.

Midsummer Fashions.

A great many of the most fashionable dresses have tucked skirts.

Tiny pine cones are seen upon new French corsets.

Bronze-colored shoes with stockings to match are a late English fashion with full-dress toilets.

Nuns' gray riding-habits, relieved by the merest dash of crimson, appear to be a favorite riding-habit in New York this season.

The long French redingote or polonaise takes precedence of all other styles of outer garments for traveling use; and Summer cashmere, vigogne, nuns' cloth, serge and foulard are favorite materials for these.

Straw turbans are in great demand, as they are becoming to faces either round or long, and can be worn upon any occasion, plain or elaborate style of their garniture being the question of their appropriateness for church, matinee, street or traveling dress.

Stamped velvet is now used for the large flat shades so much in vogue. In cream-white trimmed with deep chenille fringes, with silk tape fringe, or with a wide-gathered ruffle of lace and lined with pale-tinted satins in mauve, gold or pink, they are very rich and showy in appearance, and find a ready sale.

Sashes for small children are still but little worn. In their stead large double loops of handsome ribbon are worn at the back of the little dress, below the waist. Shoulder knots to correspond are placed on the shoulders, and a band of narrow ribbon of the same color is worn in the hair.

Neckwear is a matter of importance, especially for young ladies. Linen and Piqué collars are made now with double buttonholes at the left side for the loops of the narrow ribbon that are "the thing" now under the ear. Ribbons are also worn instead of buttons for fastening the collar in front. Narrow bands of embroidery are now turned down over bright ribbons or velvet, which are fastened in a bow and tie in front, or ribbons are box plaited and sewn in plain bands, the edges of the ribbon being edged with lace.

With the almost bewildering array of handsome fabrics offered for the inspection and purchase of the multitude, there is no good reason why any woman or girl with a dollar to spend, and a fair share of taste and judgment to spend it, has any excuse for appearing other at least than a cool, neat, attractive object. Cotton fabrics are in high favor and fashion just now, and no wonder, since the tints are so delicate, the patterns so attractive, and the prices so wonderfully cheap. Muslins, organdies, lawns and ginghams in pale soft monochromes, that wash so well and wear so well from, and a host more of the same sort to choose from, are temptingly offered on every hand. Lace trimmings for these airy fabrics are in first fashion, and pretty fancy laces of delicate design and texture can be had at a price as reasonable as the dress material itself.

When your wife's health is bad, when your children are sickly, when you feel worn out, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

BONDED WHISKY.

The Export Problem—Full Text of the Attorney General's Opinion.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The opinion prepared by Solicitor General Phillips, and approved by Attorney General Brewster, with regard to the proposed withdrawal of spirits to be shipped to Bermuda, says in reply to the Secretary of the Treasury, in substance, as follows:

Yours of May 21, states that large quantities of domestic distilled spirits now remain in distilling bonded warehouses subject to tax; that [illegible] during the past six months there have been 4,637 failures in the United States and Canada, and as they are always much more numerous in the first than in the last half of the year, it is safe to say there will not be more than one-half or two-thirds of this number in the next six months. When it is remembered that 890,000 individuals, firms and corporations do business in Canada and the United States, it is easily seen that this is a very small proportion, not one per cent. Many of the failures are those of people doing a small business, say that of a carpenter or of a merchant in a country Village, and who fail for a small amount. Big firms, when they fail, often pay up dollar for dollar, and usually return something. The failures in the two countries, together containing 60,000,000 inhabitants, for the last week, amounted to about 165, while Great Britain and Ireland, with 40,000,000, report 234.

THE prospects for good crops in England are very bright. Reports from the various English Counties are almost universally hopeful, only those from Durham and Lancashire being at all despondent. The wheat planted last Fall is healthy, though more or less thin in plant, while that planted in the Spring is nearly all thick and doing well. In the beginning of the year, with only one-third the usual acreage, and most of that thin or not out of the ground, the outlook was indeed miserable, but a warm Spring did wonders, causing the plants to tiller to an unusual extent. With a little more rain peas, beans and oats will give a great crop. The root crops are all doing well. Hay is light. Apples will be an abundant and bush-fruits a good crop. Pears and stone-fruits will probably be thin. Scotland's crop prospects are much more unfavorable than those of England. Irish crops are good, especially potatos.

ELI PERKINS gives a vivid and probably truthful picture of TILDEN'S physical condition:

His lower jaw was almost continually dropped down. It shook with palsy. Every now and then he would close his mouth and brace up, for he noticed that we were observing his palsied jaw. Then the jaw would drop again, the mouth would open an inch, and the lower jaw would shake with the palsy. When any man says Mr. Tilden is not a very feeble old man, with one side paralyzed, one arm useless and mouth shaking with palsy, he simply lies. Mr. Dana, who knows how feeble Mr. Tilden is, dare not deny this statement. If Henry Watterson says differently, he lies. There is no use of lying about the old man any more. He is in his dotage. His relatives know this. They surround him silently and patiently as friends surround a sick man. They minister to him like a sick man. They watch over him as they would watch over a man liable to drop with paralysis at any moment. His obituary is written in every newspaper office in New York. And still, every now and then some politician starts the story that Sam Tilden is stout and hearty. Metropolitan newspapers, claiming to be honest and truthful, publish such reports when the editors know they are lies. Sam Tilden is a tottering wreck, shaking with palsy, incapable of walking, and only able to feed himself slowly with his right hand, and that hand shaking with the palsy while the left hand is as helpless as the arm of a skeleton.

THE furore against the trade dollar bears every evidence of being a conspiracy on the part of a gang of brokers to unload on the Government at par dollars that they bought up at 85 cents. The most of this howl about poor people suffering from possessing them is pure bosh. Ninty-nine out of every 100 trade dollars passed out of the hands of poor people several years ago, when the brokers made their raid upon them. The object of the raid was to force the Government to redeem coins for which it had not the slightest responsibility, at a profit of from 10 to 15 per cent. to the brokers who had bought the dollars at their bullion value. If there are $5,000,000 trade dollars in the country—which we very much doubt—4,050,000 of them are in the hands of New York brokers, who bought them at 85 cents and upward, for speculative purposes.

EX-SEN. WM. EATON, of Connecticut, is a Democratic possibility for 1884. His geography seems to be in his favor, since every Democratic candidate for the Presidency for the last 30 years, except DOUGLASS and BRECKINRIDGE, has been an Eastern man. PIERCE, in 1852, was from New Hampshire; BUCHANAN, 1856, from Pennsylvania; DOUGLASS, in 1860, was from Illinois, and BRECKINRIDGE from Kentucky; MCCLELLAN, in 1864, was from New Jersey; SEYMOUR, in 1868, was from New York, as was also HORACE GREELEY, in 1872, and TILDEN in 1876. HANCOCK, in 1880, was credited to Pennsylvania, because he was born in that State.

THE volcano of Ometepe, situated on an Island in Lake Nicaragua, burst into eruption in May and a large part of the country surrounding has since been the theater of great volcanic activity. Great quantities of lava have been discharged, but fortunately, it has flowed through a part of the Island containing no inhabitants. Numbers of islands in and around Nicaragua have sunk, leaving no trace behind. At several places the ground has cracked and opened, in one town throwing out quantities of very fine sand in a heated state, while in the Village of Turbo, enough water was ejected to flood the streets to a depth of two feet.

THERE was some sort of a promise that the stockholders in the Keely Motor Company would be given a ride to New York on the Fourth of July behind a locomotive propelled by a 400-horse power Keely motor. Quite a number of them gathered at the works in anticipation, but found the doors all locked, and Mr. KEELY enjoying himself at Atlantic City.

LITHOGRAPH OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

A short time since we offered to supply lithograph engravings of the great Brooklyn Bridge, in connection with the BLADE one year, for $1.10. The lithograph has given such general satisfaction that large numbers of our subscribers have written us to name a price at which they may obtain copies without the BLADE. The regular retail price of this lithograph is 50 cents, but for a short time we have concluded to offer it to our readers, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents. We make this offer for the accommodation of our readers who desire to have a correct picture of this great bridge. We designed at first to discontinue this announcement after two publications, but as there seems to be a large demand for the lithographs, we shall be glad to accommodate our subscribers as long as the desire continues.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Three American Bishops died on the 4th—Archbishop Purcell, of Ohio, Bishop John McMullen, of Iowa (Catholic), and Bishop William Pinckney, of Baltimore (Episcopalian).——A German economic writer says that Russian gold mines yielded last year $36,400,000. The great increase in production dates from 1877, when the Government abolished the heavy tax on gold mining. The output promises to be very large indeed.——Notwithstanding all hostile criticism, M. de Lesseps continues to be very sanguine regarding the ultimate success of the great African inland sea project. If completed, the new artificial sea will be about 15 times as large as the Lake of Geneva.——The Anti-Monopolists, in session in Chicago, adopted a platform which advocates a postal telegraph system, the abolishment of the National banking system, the establishment of a graduated income tax, and of postal savings banks. It denounces gambling in grain, and the protection of pat

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Awfully Torrid—Climbing a Shot Tower—How the Pellets are Made—Advertising by a Sham Duel—A Boom in Matches—Veterans of 1812—Various Items.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1883.

In the midst of an especially hot season, our Independence Day passed off with tolerable quiet. Of course the usual variety of accidents and fires varied the program, and the Tammany braves vexed the air with flatulent rhetoric, and the excursion boats and cars were most uncomfortably crowded, and thousands who went forth to enjoy themselves came back in various conditions of misery, but we had some fun, after all.

BUT YESTERDAY

took the prize for red-hot, and suffering in the city was terrible. The mercury was 89° at 9 o'clock, rose to 94°, and was 81° at 9 P. M. About midnight an unsteady traveler was reeling along the Bowery telling how much he owed in the following doggerel:

Oh for an iceberg to climb up and ride,
Oh for a snow-bank in which I may hide;
Oh for a swim in the bay, or a boat northerly breeze;
Oh for the mercury forty below,
Oh for all those things, and then again, oh
For a trip on a comet away from the sun,
Not to escape heat, but to get cool when done.
Oh for a hurricane, whirlwind, typhoon,
Oh for the whole of them, all very soon;
Oh for a mighty parade of cyclones,
To be put in motion so as to cool bones,
With marrow removed, and the wind whistling through;
Oh, Sidney Smith, can that story be true?
Oh, but I'm wasting my breath with these Oh's,
So I'll wipe off my forehead and gushingly close.

UP IS A SHOT TOWER.

On approaching New York in these days one sees a multitude of tall structures, the highest being the bridge towers, 283 feet above tide; then the chimney of the New York Steam Heating Company in Greenwich, which I believe is 260 feet; then church spires, and then tall houses, like the *Tribune* building. But, only a few years ago the chief of tall structures were two or three shot towers, and a shot tower is the last place except his coffin that a man is anxious to get into; indeed, the proprietors say that no visitor ever comes a second time. There are three towers in the City at work—In Center, Beekman and Newton streets, and one at Forty-third street and the River, which was built over 100 years ago, but was long since abandoned.

The making of shot is about the simplest business imaginable. You have only to melt lead and arsenic and pour the mixture through a sieve at a high elevation. The molten metal leaves the sieve in streams, but immediately breaks into globules or drops, becoming perfectly round before they reach the water below into which they fall and cool off. The shot is then passed over a screen of various fineness, and sorted into the half dozen sizes that may be required. The shot tower in Center street was built over 50 years ago, on the site of the original Harlem Railroad Depot (not the present New Haven freight tenement, but further down.) The tower is 25 feet in diameter at the base, 11 feet at the top, and octagon in shape, built of brick with iron pillars from bottom to top.

Under the guidance of the Superintendent one may inspect the Center street tower after clambering over piles of pig lead and wading in a sea of dirt. Following the Superintendent we came to the tower door, whence came a strong current of wind, and a deafening noise. The noise was made by the shower of shot falling like a flood into the well of water. A stick thrust into a falling stream of shot was splintered in a moment. We then climbed up a dark, spiral stair case to near the top. At the hight of 160 feet we saw two men leading over a huge kettle of melted lead. One had a small sponge tied over his nostrils, and both wore stout leather aprons, and mitts as that looked like boxing-gloves. Though the windows were open the atmosphere was stifling.

"What makes the shot 'shot'?" was asked. "It is the arsenic," replied the man with the sponge on his nose. In one corner of the room was a cast-iron pot with the bottom perforated like a sieve. Into this sieve the sponge-nosed fellow was lading melted metal with the regularity of clockwork. The sides of the shaft were incrusted with lead, and sparkled in the sunshine that came through the windows, while the ear was lulled with the droning sound of the falling drops.

The tower seemed to be frail, and the man confessed that in a storm it would shake like a reed, but they were not afraid. They say the tower does not pitch to and fro in a gale, but reels around like a drunken man. The melting pot holds three tons of lead. The holes in the sieve vary from half an inch to the 500th of an inch in diameter. The holes only approximately fix the size of the shot, as the mass is always larger than the hole, and the time of dropping varies, so that many odd sizes may be made by the same sieve. Large shot require to be dropped from a greater hight than small sizes. When taken from the well below they are put in a rotating cylinder and ground together until they are perfectly smooth. Then they are sifted into sizes, the smallest being No. 12 and known as "dust," being only five-hundredths of an inch in diameter. Finally shot is polished by being rotated in a cylinder with a mixture of plumbago, then bagged, and is ready for sale. "Time was," said the Superintendent, "when men who went shooting pigeons would use any kind of shot, or even slugs, but now they must have the best perfectly rounded article." Some of it is sold come from France, but the most of it from Colorado, and California and Nova Scotia. After this hasty adventure the writer wants no more shot tower.

ADVERTISING A FUNNY NEWSPAPER.

Most people look upon the bogus duel between the sculptor and the editor of the Texas *Siftings* as a clever ruse to advertise the funny paper. Whether shots were exchanged or not cannot be told, but the affair is too ridiculous for a moment's serious consideration. The time has gone by when sham, or even real, duelling can lift an obscure man into notoriety, unless it be the notoriety of shame. Of course the newspapers are full of stuff about those stuffed-straw heros; but then any newspaper now-a-days must be loaded with accounts of crime, or it is no newspaper at all. Your average local editor has a nose for sin and indecency as keen as that of the turkey buzzard for carrion. The man who can make his department reek with filth is the King in his profession.

A BOOM IN MATCHES.

Since the repeal of the tax on matches the streets have been noisy with all manner of peddlers crying the foul-smelling nuisances at a cent a box, and within less than a week 85,000 gross have been sold by the makers. On Monday the price per box fell from $1.50 to 50 cents, for ordinary lucifers. All kinds have largely depreciated. The *Tribune* says "all kinds have depreciated 300 per cent. in price." I have heard of men making a profit or increase of 200 and even 2,000 per cent., but how one can suffer a loss or depreciation of more than 100 per cent. is beyond my cyphering. The *Tribune*, however, is great on cyphers. Even at the reduction, dealers say they make as good profit as when the prices were at the highest. But your grocer has not discovered the change, and charges two or three cents a box as usual.

ONLY A FEW LEFT.

According to their annual custom Lewis and Horace Leland, of the Sturtevant, invited all survivors of the war of 1812 to drop in on the Fourth and have a square dinner. Those who came and their ages, were as follows:

Abram Daily, 88; Charles Coombs, 89; Edward N. Duryee, 88; Thomas Bauck, 88; Peter Van Saule, 85; George Coygeer, 85; Thomas Megson, 85; Henry Morris, 84; W. J. Sune, 84; and W. Lillibridge, 82. That they had a jolly time is a matter of course.

AN EDITOR LOSES HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A cable dispatch announces the death of Mrs. Mary E. Mayfield, aged 68, mother-in-law of Ben Wood, owner and editor of the *Daily News* of this City. She died in Glasgow, the day after her arrival.

ALL SORTS.

Mrs. Anna L. Fox, of Brooklyn, not long ago gave her husband a present of three boys all at one birth. This was more than six months ago, and perhaps might have grown up had they not been overweighted with great names. One was named after Pres. Garfield and another after Pres. Arthur. On Monday the former died, and on Tuesday the latter, and on Thursday the third one took his departure.

There is trouble among pulpit occupants in Brooklyn. One Roman Catholic and one Methodist minister are accused of too much freedom with lambs of their flock. It is a wicked world. P. S.—The Roman Catholic is acquitted.

Mrs. Frank Leslie declares that she is not going to marry the Marquis de Lebuille, whoever he may be, nor any other man, whoever he may be, but has all she wants to do to run her dozen publications and honor the memory of her Frank.

The Salvation Army has again come to grief, its property in Paterson, N. J., having been seized for debt. The concern seems to be pecuniarily as well as morally bankrupt.

"Assisted" paupers come in and some are sent back. Meanwhile American millionaires are going to Europe to spend the money they have made here.

The most surprising effect of the heat crops out in the *World* of to-day, in the form of a diagram of a thermometer upside down and the mercury all run out. But since Joe Pulitzer got hold of the *World* no one is much surprised at any of its vagaries.

Joe Ryan, a wrestler, went into the *Police Gazette* office on Thursday and ordered some printing for another man. He was requested by Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor, to bring a written order, but instead of doing so undertook to chaw off Harding's nose. Harding naturally objected, and speedily knocked Joe out. At the Police Court they shook hands and made up, according to the custom of sports. ZENO.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The New Revenue Laws—The Fourth—The Revenue and the Public Debt—The Trade Dollar—A Southern Military Company—The Duelists—The Fire Cracker Ahead—The Ohio Platform Makes Trouble.

Special Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1883.

Most of the changes which were made at the last session of Congress in the revenue laws went into effect on the first of this month, and the anticipated disturbances to trade should be felt in their greatest force at this particular juncture. But inquiry among the business men of Washington does not show any such disturbances as many have predicted. On the other hand trade is generally good and the country appears to be unusually prosperous. Some complaint has been made in regard to wheat, and in the great Mississippi Valley there have been disastrous floods; but, as a general thing, crops will be large. In this portion of the country the farmers have had timely rains and the season has been unusually propitious. Grass is very abundant, and the green harvest, now about over, will show a much larger proportion than usual.

The Fourth was uncommonly quiet in and around Washington. The "oldest inhabitants" had a gathering in the Corcoran building, heard the Declaration read and listened to some short speeches. But the general inclination was to get out of the City. Steamboats and car trains were everywhere loaded and the basket pic-nic in the woods adjacent to the City was one of the features of the day. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union went out of the City in a body to hold meetings in the interest of its work and had a plesant day. Of course the "small boy" had his usual fun with the fire cracker and there was a want of quiet sleep in the morning and also some "early rising."

The great question in taxes, the reduction of letter postage and the repayments for stamps, etc., may be expected to cut down the receipts for a while, and the large margins which we have pared off from the public debt, month after month, will probably be omitted for a while, and it is quite possible that the balance may be on the wrong side. For the last month the payment on the public debt was over 18 millions, and for the last year the debt went down at the rate of 138 millions. There is no necessity of so rapid a reduction and henceforth we shall probably make haste slowly.

The coinage of the hazzard dollar goes right along, notwithstanding the tons that are stored in the Treasury. It appears from the official reports that 55 millions of silver pieces, covering a value of 28 millions of dollars were coined during the last year. As these coins are made a legal tender by law they pass notwithstanding their deficient weight, and no inconvenience will arise till there is a demand for coin from abroad. Then, as gold is more valuable than silver, it will go first, leaving our 85 cent dollar to be the standard of value.

But a greater embarrassment than our light silver dollar is our heavy silver dollar. Everybody has probably suffered a shave on the trade dollar, and hence every body denounces it. Even New York there is a general moral war against it and in Washington the opposition is scarcely less marked. Our newspapers are clamorous for some official action that will effectually determine its commercial value. The difficulty about the trade dollar is that some 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 of them are in circulation in China and that, if the Government puts them at par the effect will be to sell them all home for consumption. Hence the reluctance to take any course that will do injustice to the American holders.

The New Orleans Continental Guards, the military company which has been visiting some of our Northern Cities, reached Washington on Sunday on their homeward journey attracting considerable attention. On Monday the Guards visited the capitol, the President's house, the various departments, etc., and in the evening took the train again. They were escorted to the depot with due ceremony by our Washington Light Infantry and before entering the train they sang "Old Lang Syne" and were dismissed by rounds of cheers. They seemed to think that the war was over.

The news from the wounded duelist appears to be favorable and there is no law against wishing that a man should not suffer overmuch for his own folly. The country has been afforded a rare spectacle. It is not often that two sensible men leave their homes and travel off some hundreds of miles for the very pleasant purpose of getting a good opportunity of shooting at each other. Judged by the ordinary occurrences of life, men so acting would be regarded as insane; altho it must be confessed that there was a sort of method in their madness. But of all the usages of civilized life the duel is the most absurd and has the least foundation in common sense. It settles nothing, even though it ends in a funeral. In this case the parties did not know each other by sight and their anger was excited, not so much against the individual as against the newspaper which the individual was supposed to control. Elam, the Readjuster, got the worst of the fight, but nobody seems to think that he is any more in the wrong on that account. The case is not settled against him because he did not shoot so well as his antagonist, and if he should recover the words *coward* and *liar* may be bandied about just as before. Then if there should be another meeting and Elam should shoot Beirne the case would be more unsettled than ever. The duel seems to be a remnant of the old slave system and ought to have disappeared with it. As a fact it has largely gone into disuse, and this is the first case that has occurred for many years. Virginia, under her new life of freedom, passed laws against duelling, and hence the bad time which these men had in traveling over the country in night trains to find a place where they could do their shooting without danger of being interrupted.

Our Chief of Police gets badly laughed at for his attempt to squelch the fire cracker by a proclamation. He did his duty in the matter of proclaiming, but the "small boy" evidently failed to read the proclamation as it was rather more enterprising with his powder than usual. His patriotic spirit refused to be cramped by any proclamations and the American Eagle spread his wings as usual.

The Tariff plank in the Ohio Democratic platform is received with uncommon favor by many who do not seem to comprehend it. An influential paper in New Jersey that has been severely down on Sen. McPherson for his vote in favor of the present Tariff and has been manfully battling for "A Tariff for Revenue Only," now claimes: "Well done this! What funny fellows these Democratic editors are! On the subject of the Tariff there appears to be no real difference between the platforms of the two parties. The Republicans say that they believe "in the maintainance of a Tariff system which will provide a *Revenue for the Government* and at the same time will *protect American producers and American labor.*" The Democratic platform is a little more wordy but comes ultimately to exactly the same point. It says: "We favor a Tariff for Revenue (it forgets to put in the word *only.*) We favor a *Tariff for Revenue* limited to the necessities of a Government economically administered and so adjusted in its application as to prevent unequal burdens, *encourage productive interests at home and afford just compensation to labor.*" It scouts the idea of a Tariff for Revenue Only, and goes in squarely for "encouraging productive interests at home" and "ocompensatory labor."

The sudden death of Bishop Pinckney causes wide-spread sorrow. His remains will be home to-day for burial and the services will be very impressive.

BUCKEYE.

ALABAMA.

Information About It.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have just commenced taking the "Blade" and am very much pleased with it. I have taken newspapers for 41 years and have taken as high as 10 at a time, and have never taken a paper that has pleased me or my family better. About the time that I subscribed for the Blade, I sent $1 50 for another paper, that being the price, and they have marked my paper to stop for five weeks short of the time paid for.

I am very much interested with the letters from various party of the Country and in none more than those from the Corners. P. V. Natty ought by all means to have the "Postoffis." Let us support him to a man.

The adage that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives" may still be true, but with such papers as the Blade, that give information from all parts of the world, these means to be no valid reason why one half of the world may not know how the other half lives, and with your permission I will contribute my mite of information about this section. Crops are now attracting a good deal of attention and correct information about them is of interest to all. Corn here is very fine, and the first planting is now out of danger. Later plantings also look well. We commence planting corn here the first of March and continue to plant until the first of July, so if one planting does not hit the seasons the others will. Early planted corn seldom fails to make a good crop if properly cultivated. While we have been until this year importing corn from the Northwest, it was not due to any defect in the soil or seasons, but to the fact that we had "cotton on the brain." Last year we made a heavy crop of corn and oats, and our oat crop this year is very fine. Corn is now selling at 60 cents a bushel and oats at 50. Cotton is 10 days later than last year and the stand not as good, but if no disaster overtakes it we will make as much as we did last year as about 3 per cent. more has been planted. Last year's crop will foot up something over 7,000,000 bales. We have plenty of hogs and in the future we shall make our own corn and meat, and the day is not distant when we shall make our own wheat. We have very foolishly sold our cattle off to cattle buyers in the West, and cows that sold last year at from $10 to $15 are now selling at from $25 to $30. This is one of the finest stock countries in the world, as we have a good range both Winter and Summer.

Fruit is not as good as last year, but a fair crop will be made. Strawberries commenced ripening on the 25th of March, which was 10 days later than last year. Blackberries were very fine, and at this writing thousands of bushels of blackberries are drying on the bushes, just for the want of some one to utilize them.

Labor is scarce, and the reason is that we pay hands entirely too little. Freedmen are only getting from $8 to $10 a month, and white men from $10 to $15.

We had a cold, backward Spring, but June was a fine growing month—warm, with seasonable showers. Some days were quite hot, the thermometer going up to 90°, and once to 92°, but as we have a fine Gulf breeze we never suffer seriously with heat.

C. C. L. DILL.

Pickensville, Ala.

MISSOURI.

Crops and Natural Advantages.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

ROLLA, PHELPS CO., MO., June 23, 1883.

This County has a fine healthy climate, free from the extremes of heat and cold, good drainage, pure water and is free from malarial diseases. It has a population of about 16,000, with about 80 public school houses, in which schools are maintained from four to 10 months each year, and 30 churches.

Rolla, the County seat, has one public school, one Ward school building, a branch of the State University, and the Western Musical Conservatory, with a population of 3,000.

The surface of the County is rolling, and on some of the larger streams broken. The Valleys have a black, loamy soil, with alluvial bottom lands. The bench lands have a heavy clay subsoil, and what are known as the "mulatto sotis."

The timber is oak of the various kinds, walnut, hickory, etc., with hazel and sumac undergrowth. The products are wheat, corn, oats, potatos, tobacco, amber cane, and vegetables of all kinds. Fruits in great variety are profitably grown. Apples, pears, peaches, cherries, prunes, apricots and berries all find a ready sale and never fail to give good returns.

Phelps County is one of the best—if not the best—watered Counties in the State. There is hardly a section in the County but has living water. The unimproved lands in their wild state are covered with an abundance of nutritious grasses, which thrive from April until December. On this outside range or open pasture lands stock of all kinds feed at will through a long season, with no expense to the owner, hence stock raising is the most profitable branch of industry that can be followed in this country. At a low estimate stock returns a net profit to the grower of over 40 per cent. yearly. With fine grasses, pure water and a well-drained country diseases among stock are unknown.

The prices of land vary, and are rated by quality and location, unimproved farms being from $2.50 to $8 an acre, while improved farms are from $6 to $30 an acre. Location, quality and improvements considered, good bottom farms are usually the most valuable for all purposes, except when they are overflowed from high water, but on the whole the valley and upland farms are the most profitable.

Blue grass is a natural product of the soil. Timothy, orchard and other grasses are hardy. Red clover is the most valuable of tame grasses. It is well adapted to the soil and climate, does not winter-kill, and soon eradicates all other grasses when sown together.

St. Louis is the market center of the great Southwest and West. Phelps County being only 113 miles distant, gives us low freight rates and a good market for all products. To those who desire to settle in this County the right hand of fellowship is extended and they are bidden a glad welcome. This is written from six years of experience.

E. A. MCGREGOR.

DIFTHERIA.

A Specific for the Dread Disease.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In your weekly issue of April 19th there appeared this statement:

"The sum of $5,000 has been offered by M. Paul to the French Academy of Medicine as a prize for whoever will discover a cure for diftheria."

In response to this call, and for the benefit of those interested in this subject everywhere, I desire to make through the Blade a statement of my own experience in the treatment of a case in my family. Having an almost entire want of confidence in doctors and their modes of treatment of this disease, I trusted to my own efforts till the case reached an advanced stage, before consenting to have one called, and even then I resolved upon one more desperate experiment. The remedies I had been using up to this time were powdered sulphur and kerosene oil. Either of these substances applied to the throat would arrest the spread of the white membrane, but the patient being unable to bear these applications continuously the white patches would spread and regain their hold in the short intermissions of the treatment while the situation on the whole grew worse. These remedies though immediately fatal to the animalcules, of which the white accumulation consisted) did nothing toward removing the one indispensable condition of their existence, to wit: an intense degree of inflammation. The case was nearing the last stage, the throat swollen even with the chin, appetite and speech gone, respiration extremely difficult, the odor from the disease almost unendurable.

What was done must be quick, and what should it be.

To see my wife sinking into death's door without medical attendance would be denounced as criminal neglect, yet I felt with the experience of others in the neighborhood with the medical men that to call one at this stage were death, no less sure than to bring it on by my own mistakes. I asked myself what substance is there the continuous application of which can be endured that will destroy the deadly parasite and at the same time keep the inflamed parts at a temperature below the point necessary for its existence and propagation? Ice was the answer, and *ice did it.*

The patient had, prior to this, held ice in the throat at intervals, and found great relief therefrom, but I had not, till then, thought of relying on it as a specific remedy. It could not be used simultaneously with other local applications, as it would wash away, and render neutral any other substance. From this time onward the patient held ice constantly in the throat, and a large bag or poultice of the same, in small pieces, was kept around the next.

No water-proof envelope was needed for the inflamation was so intense as to evaporate every drop as fast as melted. No chill or other inconvenience was felt from its use, and its grateful influence was manifested by eager gestures far more when the quantity of ice became reduced. In 12 hours the white patches were gone from the throat, leaving sunken cavities where they had been, and in less than 40 hours from the time I commenced the ice treatment the patient was sitting up with every appearance of disease gone. This is the case truly stated and I am confident that others pursuing the same course, even in desperate cases, will find the result equally satisfactory. Only give ice *ad libitum* outside and inside the throat, and attend well to the hygienic surroundings, and all that comes under the head of good nursing, and you may look for rapid recovery, if organic destruction has not already rendered recovery impossible.—NON-PROFESSIONAL, Davenport, Iowa.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Its Wealth and Resources.

AUBURN, W. Va., June 27.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

To answer some general inquiries I have tried to answer through the mails all persons who have enclosed postage for return, while some have neglected that important article. If I were a land agent I could afford to spend 5 few dimes for the benefit of others, but as it is I can take time to answer only such as send stamps for return, which I cheerfully do. "How far from the railroads" seems to be about the first thing thought of. On account of the scarcity of railroads, there being but two lines of any importance through the State, it would be impossible for all to settle on the railroad. A farmer can live as easily and make as much money 18 or 20 miles from the railroad as he can nearer it, for the following reasons: First, he can get as much for his stock, or any produce he may have to sell, and as a general thing more for his grain, especially corn, as a great many farmers aim to raise no more grain than they need for their own use, preferring to graze their lands. There are always some in every neighborhood that have to buy grain, and a great many are engaged in lumbering, and their loams consume a vast amount of grain, so that the home products scarcely supplies the demand. Two years ago corn on the railroad was but 60 cents, while 25 and 40 miles from the road it could not be bought for less than $1.25 per bushel, and could scarcely be found at that.

Time will change this state of affairs, as the timber is getting scarce along the larger streams and the people will have to turn their attention more to the clearing up of their lands, which will tend toward increasing the wealth of the State, rather than diminishing it, as has been done in the past by sending out such an amount of good timber at such low prices. The coal veins of West Virginia certainly cannot be excelled in the world. Nearly every County in the State has its coal veins, but the great coal region seems to form a circle, beginning in the northern portion of the State, including Wetzel, Monongahela, Marion, Harrison, Taylor, Barbour, Lewis, Upshur, Gilmer, Braxton, Webster, Nicholas, Clay, Kanawha, Fayette, Boone and Logan Counties. In these Counties you do not have to sink dangerous shafts to reach the coal, but you find it cropping out from the side of the hills and mountains and nearly all the veins will drain themselves. It seems to me as though it would be a great deal cheaper in the long run to build a railroad to some of these fine coal regions, where the timber and traffic would pay the expenses, than to go so deep under ground for coal. A railroad of 60 and 80 miles up the Ganley, leaving the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad at the Kanawha Falls, would reach the heart of a coal region where there are veins of coal 12 feet in thickness that can be bought for could have been last Winter) land and all for only $5 an acre. I noticed in one of our State papers an advertisement of 10,000 acres of land in Logan County for sale, with five veins of an excellent quality, aggregating 20 feet of solid coal. This land will average six merchantable trees of 100 cubic feet each to the acre, access to it was good and title perfect. With a good railroad through the State from Charleston, the capital of the State, up Ganley river to some point on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, would open up a valuable mineral region and would be of immense value to the State. With such a railroad the water power, which cannot be excelled in the Union, could be utilized. Even as it is, it certainly would better pay a good woolen factory to build 25 or 30 miles from a railroad than to pay so much for propelling machinery and fuel, when there can be procured enough water for a trifle to run all the machinery in the United States, on our mountain streams. All want to know as to the healthfulness of West Virginia. With such pure streams of water, a mild temperature, gradual changes of weather and a pure atmosphere, it cannot be otherwise than healthy. As we disobey laws of nature we are liable to disease, but we have no ague or yellow fever here. We have some typhoid, pneumonia and other fevers, and also have cases of consumption.

Stock ranges about as follows: Good work horses average about $115; milch cows, $30; 4-year-old, 6 cents; 3 year-old steers, 4 to 4½c; 2-year-old, 3½ to 3¾ cents; yearlings, 3 cents; sheep, 3 to 3½ cents; lambs, 3 cents; hogs, 6 cents; butter seldom gets higher than 25 cents; eggs the same; chickens, young, 8 cents per lb; old, 4 to 6 cents; wheat averages $1 per bushel; corn about 60 cents; potatos, 60 cents; apples green, 50 cents in the Fall. In February and March they generally bring $1 per bushel.

Good work hands can be hired for $18 per month, and some few can be had for $15. In this County there are good, improved farms for sale at $25 per acre. The boss stock farm of Ritch County is now for sale. It contains 600 acres, 500 in grass and 100 acres in bottom land; and this can be bought now for about $27 per acre.

The people of West Virginia are ever ready to welcome those from other States who desire to come in among us, and make this their home. J. L. GRIFFIN.

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Your correspondent came here in 1865, after serving in the 53d Ind. Vols., known as "Col. Gresham's regiment," commanded by our present Postmaster General, who led the same to many a victory.

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We have limestone for building purposes. There is plenty of wood for fuel. Wheat does well, as do oats, barley and everything else. We have plenty of rain, and have good water in this section of the country. Wild grapes, plums and gooseberries abound.

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NEW DEMOCRACY,

As Expounded by Judge Hoadly at Hamilton—The Scott Law an Appeal to the Liquor Men—The Tariff "Not in His Line."

HAMILTON, O., July 7.—The arrangements for an out-door meeting for the ratification of the nominations of the Democratic State Convention to-night, were interfered with by rain and the meeting was held in the German Society's Hall, which was insufficient to hold the crowd gathered from the City and brought in by special trains.

Gen. F. Vanderveer presided at the meeting and stated he had a dispatch from Sen. Pendleton saying he could not be present on account of ill-health.

Judge Hoadly was greeted with cheers when introduced, and began by saying that he was here as the representative of the old Democracy of Butler, as old as Jefferson, but so new that, God willing, it shall newly occupy the offices of this State and Nation. Paying a high personal compliment to his opponent, Judge Foraker, he said that the ticket was nominated to follow the old beaten paths. He was willing to be the butt of all personal attacks as to character and belief, had no quarrel with the personnel of the opposite party, but would hold high the conflict with the principles of the Republican party.

He then proceeded to consider the Republican platform, saying he wished to avoid making a key-note speech, as last year's effort in that direction by Gov. Foster was disastrous. Taking the first declaration of achivements of the Republican platform, he said the party had a habit of setting its back to the future and packing the coal, but you find it cropping out from the side of the hills and mountains and nearly all the veins will drain themselves. It seems to me as though it would be a great deal cheaper in the long run to build a railroad to some of these fine coal regions, where the timber and traffic would pay the expenses, than to go so deep under ground for coal. A railroad of 60 and 80 miles up the Ganley, leaving the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad at the Kanawha Falls, would reach the heart of a coal region where there are veins of coal 12 feet in thickness that can be bought for could have been last Winter) land and all for only $5 an acre. I noticed in one of our State papers an advertisement of 10,000 acres of land in Logan County for sale, with five veins of an excellent quality, aggregating 20 feet of solid coal. This land will average six merchantable trees of 100 cubic feet each to the acre, access to it was good and title perfect. With a good railroad through the State from Charleston, the capital of the State, up Ganley river to some point on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, would open up a valuable mineral region and would be of immense value to the State. With such a railroad the water power, which cannot be excelled in the Union, could be utilized. Even as it is, it certainly would better pay a good woolen factory to build 25 or 30 miles from a railroad than to pay so much for propelling machinery and fuel, when there can be procured enough water for a trifle to run all the machinery in the United States, on our mountain streams. All want to know as to the healthfulness of West Virginia. With such pure streams of water, a mild temperature, gradual changes of weather and a pure atmosphere, it cannot be otherwise than healthy. As we disobey laws of nature we are liable to disease, but we have no ague or yellow fever here. We have some typhoid, pneumonia and other fevers, and also have cases of consumption.

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"REX MAGNUS."

Unfailing Success of

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVATIVE.

Report of Prof. Samuel W. Johnson of Yale College.

"My tests of 35 days in daily mean temperature of 70°, on meats, &c., bought in open market have certainly been severe, and I am satisfied that the different brands of Rex Magnus, The Humiston Food Preservative, with which I have experimented,

Have Accomplished all Claimed for Them.

So far as I have yet learned, they are the only preparations that are effective, and at the same time practicable, for domestic use. At the banquet on "treated" meats at the New Haven House I could not distinguish between those which had been sixteen days in my laboratory and those newly taken from the refrigerator of the hotel. The oysters were perfectly palatable and fresh to my taste, and better, as it happened, than those served at the same time, which were recently taken from the shell. The roast beefsteak, chicken, turkey and quail, were all as good as I have ever eaten."

Safe, Tasteless, Pure.

Rex Magnus is safe, tasteless, pure, and Prof. Johnsons adds in his report. "I should anticipate no ill results from its use and consider it less harmful than common salt."

It is a perfect substitute for ice, heat, sugar, salt

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Boulton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXXIII.

CARE OF THE SICK.

There is a real art in keeping the bed in a proper condition for the sick. A wrinkle in the sheet will irritate an invalid into a fever, absurd as it may seem. A soiled pillow case and rumpled bed-quilts will have the same effect. Crumbs in the bed are maddening to the pain-racked sick one, whose disturbed mental state is sure to react upon the body.

When it is possible make the bed over every day. Change the sheets and pillow-cases frequently, being sure, however, that the clean ones are thoroughly aired. Of course, the condition of the invalid may be such as not to allow of these things, but you can at least straighten out the clothes and shake up and turn over the pillows. Indeed, the latter should be often done. One side will soon get heated by the head, and the cool surface of the under one will be very refreshing. It is these little things, the dullness with which you make the charges, the gentleness and skill with which you lift the aching head or move the ailing body that prove your fitness for taking care of the sick. It is an unfailing criterion of benefit from what you have done when the patient seems more comfortable afterwards.

Not long since I was speaking of something that was a good thing to do in giving a sick person a bath. "What," said the listener, "you would not think of bathing any one so ill as she is?" I replied emphatically in the affirmative, for the patient was burning up with fever, and to be cooled off in this way was just what was needed. But it was necessary to use the utmost caution in doing it. Only a portion of the body must be exposed at once. Take a soft cloth or sponge and wash off that part gently, then rub with a towel until the whole surface is thoroughly dry. A very excellent thing to do is to put a little salt in the water, or alcohol, or both. Some physicians prescribe a sponging off with alcohol alone, because it can be absorbed through the pores of the skin and the whole body be strengthened. It is an excellent tonic. Always be sure to rub the surface perfectly dry.

Of course the frequency of the baths must depend largely upon the disease of the invalid and his general condition. Usually an entire bath two or three times a week is sufficient, while the feet, hands, face and throat should be washed every day.

The underclothing ought to be changed at the time of the bath, but in doing this great care must be exercised lest the patient be over-fatigued. An old and experienced physician gives some general rules in regard to this matter, which are very valuable and can be reproduced in a few words:

1. Have everything that will be wanted ready before beginning to make the change.

2. The fresh underclothing should be properly aired and warmed beforehand.

3. Be careful not to move the patient or uncover him more than is absolutely necessary.

4. Let no drafts of cold air strike him during the operation.

5 Let the patient do such things for himself as he can and ought, but be very sure not to allow him to exert himself too much in helping.

These are all essentials, and should be carefully observed. It will sometimes be found necessary to let patients rest before completing the work. In that case, they should be covered carefully and left in perfect quiet until the change can be finished in safety.

I know some of my anxious readers are wishing that I would say something about the diet, for that is always a stumbling block in the way of amateur nurses, and indeed it is a most important thing. Too much food, or too little, are equally great evils. To know just what to give, and how to prepare it to render it acceptable, is a real art. The physician should, in a general way, direct the diet of his patient, but much must necessarily be left to the judgment of the nurse.

Often the desire of the sick person is a guide that it may be well to follow, especially when the appetite is very weak. Dr. Edwards, of Philadelphia, in his work—"How We Ought To Live"—tells of a lady who was thought to be at the point of death with brain fever. In one of her intervals of consciousness, she asked for corned beef and cabbage. Her physician said she could have it. She ate it with zest and from that time began to recover.

This seems very strange but the system often voices in this way a need for something it lacks, and if it is supplied begins to recover its vigor. Of course it will not always do to follow out this rule. Especially must great care be taken when the patient is convalescing, for the starved body then often cries for more food than it can dispose of, and overeating may bring back the disease, or produce fatal consequences. Give a little nourishment often is a good rule always, and the safest to follow. A nurse should always know how to cook simple, palatable things which will tempt the weak appetite. They should not be made rich with butter, sugar and spices, nor yet so plain that the indifferent stomach rejects them.

I shall not undertake here to give any recipes for sick room cookery. Good cook books which are now to be found everywhere always contain them, and care and practice will enable any one to carry them out successfully.

One absolute rule I want to lay down. Never carry food to a sick person on cracked or seamed and broken dishes. If you have any pretty ware in the house use it in sickness. Let the napkins be perfectly spotless, the knives, forks and spoons shining brightly. These things have much to do with tempting the weak appetite, which would turn away in disgust from soiled and broken crockery.

Never allow the remnants of a meal to stand in the room. Take them all out of sight as soon as possible. The sight of them is not pleasant, and they are apt to draw flies, whose presence and buzzing is very disagreeable. An i right here I want to say that no slops or refuse matter of *any kind* must be allowed to remain about the patient a moment longer than is necessary. They poison the air and make him worse. If you cannot empty them at once, set them away out of the room, but attend to the matter at the earliest moment possible. Later on I shall tell you more about disinfecting a sick room and preventing the spread of disease.

Correspondence.

SHE MEANS IT.—To "Ill-Used Reader." What do we think? Why we think your experience is the experience of thousands of good women all over your State, and, indeed, all over the world. And "what would we do in such a case?" Why, my dear sister, what can you do? If your husband has no idea of justice, neither has the law, in the eyes of which you are nothing more than the slave of the man you call husband. Yourself and all of your possessions are his. Of course you can neither love or respect such a man: but the best plan, we think, is to ask the Heavenly Father to give you grace to submit and a will to work to bring about a better state of affairs. Teach your children and all with whom you have any influence that God's laws were made for men and women alike, and make every effort in your power to promote the equal suffrage cause. Take some suffrage paper, read it, study it, and talk it. If your children are girls do not let them think the chief aim in life is marriage, but teach them independence, by urging them to learn some profession or trade. If you have boys tell them how bitter has been your experience, and urge them to help you work for better things for the next generation. Do not work so hard. Woman's life was not intended for all work and no enjoyment. I would like to tell you all I think, but hope these few words will encourage you to work in a cause that is of greater importance than the emancipation of slaves 20 years ago.—SUFFRAGIST.

O, JUNE DAYS.

O, June days, fair June days, stay, stay thy speedy flight!
Is gladness we welcome thine hours with sunshine bright;
The air heavy laden with blossoming perfume,
The birds in high branches all filled with merry tune;
Glad sunlight in morning, sweet twilight at eve,
O, June days, fair June days, be not so swift to leave!

O, June days, fair June days, what visions do ye bring
Down, down upon earth, what garlands ye fling!
Bursts forth into bloom each plant, shrub and tree,
A shower of blossoms falling o'er mead and lea:
O, June days, fair June days, with blushes full
The young fruit doth ripen at sound of thy tread.

O, June days, fair June days, my heart clings erst to thee;
Return, beauteous June days long past, return to me!
O, fair youthful June days, with hope and vigor bright,
Return with thy dreams and mem'ries to-night.
In memory they live alone, those days of yore,
Gone, else to return, never more, ah, never more!

—M. IDA SMITH, West Hallock, Ill.

OUT OF WORK. What a terrible thing it is to be out of employment! As I sit in the office of the firm I am with, knowing I will soon be out of work as they have given me notice, I hear the exhaust of the engine with its puff, puff, and the whirling of machinery. Opposite are large steel works, the heavy steel plates as they dart through the rolls with a crash and roar, making a very unmusical scene. I see the river with its bright and glittering surface gliding swiftly onward never ceasing to mingle its pure waters with those of the ocean. "All is not gold that glitters" said Shylock, and the treacherous river has all its beauty on the surface. All these, the river, iron mills and engine seem to say, life is hard and practical. Its lines are closely drawn. It is work, work, work, and if you don't work or can't get it to do, then starve. The thought comes over me like a wave what a small space a person fills in this great, cold and grasping world. I can see men at work; some at this and others at that. I pass mills, counting rooms, offices and stores. Every person is busy, every place is full to the utmost. There is no room for more.

If you want to find out how you stand, your exact situation as it were, prove the fidelity of your friends, and see how much hinges on whether you live or die, just get out of employment in a large city, and especially when you have your mother to support. Every thing seems indefinite, you seem lost and dazed as you enter some place and ask for work. You are treated as though it was a disgrace to request employment. You are refused time after time until you are crushed and your spirit is broken. These stern, cruel answers, altho given unthinkingly in the rush of work and care, are cruel. Oh! if the feeling of the supplicant as he turns away could be painted or depicted on canvas, how much more considerate they would be.

The disappointments in this life are many. If a person is crossed in love, he is borne up and forgets it in close application to his work. If one loses his friends by death, constant employment is a blessing and in the cares and labors incidental to it, for the time forgets. But when a man is out of employment, with his share of the family support bearing on him, it is then he becomes bitter, the world around him seems like a desert, and he curses the day of his birth. He feels that in reality life is not worth the living.

To one who has never experienced this feeling, this would seem a silly complaint, but they cannot imagine how grim, black despair takes hold of you and fills all space. It is this feeling that causes men to commit suicide and murder, or become tramps. There is an oppressive indescribable feeling, when you realize that there is no room for you, and when a man comes to that God in His infinite mercy looks down in pity. He loses faith in God and man and wails in anguish: Why was I born. Why should I cumber the earth, and as he stands on the bank of the glistening river, a splash is heard, the waters are disturbed for a few minutes, and then glide swiftly on to join the ocean, and a soul has gone to meet its Maker. The feeling of disappointment and grief for way ward ones are easy to bear when compared to the bitter despair of the person who must work, has the capabilities for work, and cannot procure it.—CATO.

Let our friend keep up his courage. With spirit and determination he will find a way out of his difficulties by and by. His trouble now may teach him charity for others when prosperity comes to him. Just now he must just face his troubles, and refuse to despair. It is always darkest before day, and the light may soon break upon his horizon.

ANNIE'S OPINION.—"Ill-Used Reader" wishes advice and opinion. My opinion is that you are a selfish woman. Therein lies the trouble. You say your husband shared his patrimony with you for the general good of his family, while you, like the Dutchman, said, "What is wife's is mine" and "what is mine is my own." Your exacting little heart wants the exclusive right to control every cent, for fear that he will not take care of it. No! Have you not made us understand in your statements of your case that he is responsible and can be trusted. Otherwise he otherwise a profligate, dissipated, immoral man, you would be justified in the safe investment of your money for yourself and children.

We think it very unwise and foolish to allow discord and contention to arise between husband and wife in money matters. What is a few hundred dollars to life-long happiness? This may always be a contending element between you, if you persist in your endeavors to gain your end. Search your own heart, putting yourself in his place, and make a sacrifice if necessary to peace.

Yet, I think a really kind and loving husband would so humor his wife as to allow her the control of her inheritance, and also to give her a monthly allowance of his income to spend as she wishes. She should be prudent in expending, and not demand more than his limited means will allow. It is niggardly for a man to nag his wife on the expending of her money, calling her extravagant, and demanding to know where every cent went to. If we are trustworthy we should be trusted.

Did it occur to "Desidrio's" mind, vice versa, that were men true, women would more often be what they ought. Oh, purity, thou art man!

If "Doc" has not subsided into total depravity, from the effects of his last party, we hope he will fall into line with Susan B. A. and her followers, and let his motto be *Resurgam* (I shall rise again).

ABOUT CHILDREN, No. 2.—Suppose, "Guy Simpson," your beautiful little blue-eyed boy learns from his papa that he has a right to reason when he reaches an accountable age, and comes to the very sensible conclusion that it is just as wicked to be told long stories about angels and harps that are only coined in imagination of his affectionate but erring mamma, who has never seen an angel or an angel's harp any more than his papa has seen that great and terrible God, whose name and honor he is supposed to have profaned.

The article I will call No. 1, is on page 6 of the BLADE for May 15. Now I do not believe it right for people either old or young to use profane language. Neither do I believe it right to impress upon the minds of children the faults of their parents or fill their minds full of visionary stories for undoubted facts. When in mature years they may think that I, their mother, while holding up the husband and father as an example of wickedness, forgot to remove the beam from her own eye.—SUBSCRIBER.

MORE FACTS.—"Desiderio," you neglected to follow your own advice to "exercise a little charity" in your attacks on the faults of man. How perverse! You seem to think all men are brutes without one redeeming quality. We admit that a few are so far led astray as to be past humanizing. Who can blame us if we were all so bad, when woman committed the first sin and then led the man to go and do likewise! And since Eve induced Adam to submit his better judgement to her ideas and opinions, instead of "submitting her judgement," woman has had complete control of man's destiny, making him a slave to her whims and caprices. That is why I am a believer in "Women's Rights;" because she can, if she will, use that same influence over man to better the condition of society.

You say, "Not being a woman, he can never know the snares laid for her innocent feet, etc." Please give us credit for knowing that much, at least if we lay the snares why shouldn't we know all about them? The truth of it is, she lays the snares herself, and then, perversely, gets her "innocent feet" gracefully entangled in them, and throws all the blame on "poor, henpecked man." O, perverse, victorious woman! It is not "only woman's nature," but man's, also, and he likes to trust woman and many times trusts to his sorrow, too. He expected to have a happy little home and gets what he thinks a nice little angel of a woman to share it, when, behold! our angel throws off her disguise and proves to be a termagant, a regular hen-pecker, and home becomes anything but a paradise. Is the man to be blamed for seeking his jolly companions and having a "good time?"

I admit the truth, and am sorry, that some men are so degraded as to discuss "woman" in the lowest terms. Devils would be a more befitting name than men for such beings. They forget that their mothers and sisters are women. But do not place all men in such a list, but remember your charity and give "honor to whom honor is due." We are not all so mean as to take advantage of every opportunity to test woman's fidelity. There are some "Josephs" in the world yet.

To tell the truth, woman, with all her faults, is a loving, lovable creature, worthy the highest encomiums which man can give to mortals, and deserving the best of treatment and purest of love. For patience and endurance in troubles and sickness she cannot be outdone by man, or she couldn't endure so much tight lacing and the wearing of tight shoes without complaint.

Since writing the above, I have read the article, "Why?" I did not expect to find so many ladies to defend the silly practice of promiscuous kissing. No modest young lady with refined feelings will engage in such games in which kissing is the main feature. There are plenty of interesting, common-sense topics to discuss, which would draw out original sentiments and promote the art of conversation, which so many young people lack, lively games to play which do not necessitate kissing, and music and singing to be indulged in to the enjoyment of all. Some women do know that their influence over men at those kissing parties is not to promote good morals or pure thoughts.

A kissing of the lips is one of the expressions of love and should be kept sacred, of the cheek, forehead and hands, of respect. Now, in some of those parties young men and ladies are obliged, by courtesy, to kiss those for whom they have not one atom of respect, for, in nearly all select parties there is some one who is objectionable to some one else. It is acting a lie, and serves to make the bad one bolder, and encourage deceit.

I have seen the bad effects and do not frequent such parties. "Discontented," what is there in them to exalt society?—DOC, Kenton, O.

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.—I have sometimes been discouraged in reading the letters of so many complaining housekeepers. What a contrast between the letters of "Wife of G. H." and some of the other members of the HOUSEHOLD who seem to see only the dark side of everything. No man can be happy at home unless his mother and sisters are cheerful and agreeable. How miserable, then, must be the life of the man whose partner for life is a confirmed grumbler.

The mother and wife have much to do with the future destinies of their sons and husbands. Some of the most distinguished and honored men the world has produced have attributed their success in life to the example and teaching of their mothers. A noted criminal once began his downward career by stealing an egg, and his mother, instead of reproving or punishing him, made him a delightful custard out of it. He sent for his mother to visit him the day before his execution. "I never told you to steal and murder," said the mother, when the son asked her why she did not show him the error of his way while he was young. "You never told me not to!" answered the son. What a lesson the son's answer teaches.

How often does a disagreeable and peevish mother cause her sons to seek pleasure away from home, and having no kind mother to tell him what kind of company to keep! Can you wonder that he becomes wild and reckless, if not dissippated and vicious? And, also, how often do we hear of the husband going to the hotel or to the gaming house to spend his evenings because of a disagreeable or ill-natured wife. What a responsible position a pure woman holds—her influence is very great, and if exerted in the right way is productive of much good. All women should strive to be cheerful. It is a duty she owes her family. A man who has a pleasant and cheerful wife will succeed better in life, and if he meets with reverses and financial loss he will stand it much better than the man who knows that he can expect no kind words and cheerfulness. Of course all women are not grumblers, and perhaps some of them that are have reasons for so doing, but would it not be better for all concerned if they would do the best they could and then be as cheerful as possible?—ILLINOYSTER.

LNGUAGE TEACHING.—I will give some of my methods of teaching language to beginners, as some would like something on the subject. You cannot begin too early to teach the correct use of language, and if it were taught children from the beginning we teachers would not have so much to do; but as this cannot be, we must study ways and means to accomplish the desired result. As soon as a pupil enters school I begin giving very simple lessons in language and numbers along with reading, spelling and writing. I teach them to print, but gradually introduce script.

I have a class of nine who are attending their first term. I take a picture, a familiar object, put forms on the board or use anything which is convenient, having each one tell me something he can see about the object, letting each tell one thing at a time, being sure that each sentence is full and correct; then I call on one to tell me all he can see about it, the rest keeping close watch to see if anything is omitted, then call on others for what was left out, then another describes it, continuing so until each can describe it accurately and correctly, using the other senses, as well as sight. You will be surprised to see how well they will do. This not only cultivates language, but observation.

Then we compare the object in hand with surrounding objects nothing differences and similarities. If we have a picture showing a horse, after the picture is talked of I ask who can tell somethin gabout a horse, and will get that animal described as to looks, habits and usefulness. Any other part of the picture may be used in the same way. Be careful that no sentence is given incorrectly. Call attention to mistakes and see if any one can correct them; if not, do it yourself, and if any mistake is made require the same thing to be expressed correctly. Encourage them to criticise each other's language, and teach them to correct any mistake they may make and notice, no matter when nor where. Show them the most common errors and the correct forms. And don't forget that it must be "line upon line, here a little and there a little," and never get discouraged.

As they advance, when they are ready for a second reader, give them a few of the simplest terms used in grammer, such as nouns, common and proper, the latter to begin with capitals, sentence, action, words, etc., never leaving a term until it is thoroughly understood and readily recognized. They have learned to write by this time and the descriptions which stay have been giving may now be written. Explain use of periods at least, and require them used. Let them criticise each other's work; increase number of definitions as they advance. I would not give them a book—a grammar—before they are ready for the Fourth Reader, and not then if they have not been well trained. By this time they are well initiated into the mysteries of the English language, and will take books and learn the whys and wherefores without thinking grammar a "bugbear." Make language practical, and ee that it is correctly practiced.

"Queen," I often find it profitable to lay aside the arithmetic for a few days, occasionally, and give practical and easily applied examples outside of the books. If possible stimulate your pupils to emulation.

"Annie," South Pueblo, Col., I have seen both tarantulas and centipeds. Could describe them, but my letter is too long. Whisky is said to be an antidote for their bite. That "insect," I think, is what is known in the South as a stinging lizard, a species of small scorpion.

If the lady who asked for the words of "The Dying Queen" will send address, I will send them.

"Bertie Von Golden," I am with you on the dancing question.—ELEANOR, Grimes, Polk County, Ia. (P. O. Box 66.)

LEARNING MUSIC.—I would like to say a few words to "Looker-for-help" on music. You spoke of a musical chart. I have used Mason's and was very much disappointed, as by the advertisement I supposed I could become a fine player in a short time by its use. All that it is good for is to learn chords, which can be done very easily. It gives the chords to every key, and if you know what key the song is in, which you wish to play, you can readily find the chords in which to form an accompaniment. The chart is of no use whatever for anything more. If you wish to play in that way, the chart would be just what you want, but I would advise you to get a good instruction book and study it carefully, and you can learn a great deal in that way, but you ought to take at least one term from a good teacher, and then you would be all right.

I am taking music lessons all the time. I live eight miles from Toura, and have been going twice a week to take them. I have the best teacher in our place and am preparing myself for the same work. If you will come out in the far West and live near me, I will give you lessons. I would like to know how you succeed in your musical education.—COLORADO FANNIE.

FROM DAKOTA.—"Sulieman," so you think me lazy and I don't know how to work, or at least don't want to know. Well, you are mistaken, for I am a farmer's daughter and can do almost any kind of work. My sisters live a good way off, and when mother goes to see them, I cook for four or five men, sometimes more, tend to milking, churn every second day, tend to chickens, and do all the rest of housework, and I am 15 years old and weigh 75 pounds. I know how to do fancy work too, and I don't want your pity. Keep it for some one who has married a poor man and needs it. I am not thinking of marriage yet and don't know as I shall soon.

Crops look splendidly in this part of Dakota. We have had plenty of rain this Spring. More anon.—DAKOTA GIRL.

ABOUT BOYS.—"Yorick," I agree with you in regard to boys. If half the trouble was bestowed on the boys that is on the girls, we would have more noble boys and men to-day. Give the boys the same chance with the girls and in after years they will look back, and say, "Bless mother, father and sisters for making my boyhood home so pleasant and happy." Have an interest in the boys, and after he commences to grow to manhood, ask his opinion of things and show him you have confidence in him. Don't think that you are doing him an injury by saying please, or thank you, and give him praise where he merits it.

Sisters and mothers, fix your boys' rooms up as you would your own. Teach them to love the beautiful and by so doing they will surely love the good and pure. Let them help you fix the pretty things as well as the useful. Cultivate affection in your boys. There are but few boys living who would not like a good-night kiss from mother and sister. Never mind if he is noisy. Encourage him in his play when he is at it, and when he is through that encourage him by your help and advice in his work.

"Hattie T. Stead," if girls would be more sensible in their talk and actions, it would be a great help to our young men and boys. They would love to be more in your company, and being in company with a pure, upright young lady, would encourage them also to be pure and upright. So "Hattie," be sensible, and if your thoughts are good speak out and every one will be glad to listen. God bless our boys and girls.—ANNETTE.

SYMPATHETIC WORDS.—I have been waiting for some one to speak a word of comfort to Mrs. L. B. A., who came to the HOUSEHOLD for sympathy after the death of her little boy. If she had given her address I would have written directly to her. I can think of no other way to reach her but through the HOUSEHOLD. I know the depths of that sorrow. I know how that mother's heart is bleeding and torn. I know how that home is darkened, and how much of life and joy was buried with that little boy. In less than one year death entered and took two from our little family circle. I thought my burden was more than I could bear. Oh, how hard it is to say "Thy will, oh God, not mine, be done." Often in the anguish of my heart I would cry out "Oh, Father, help me to bear this great affliction."

It is good to have our friends sympathize with us in our bereavements, but they cannot reach the case. Look higher. Look to Him who has said "Come unto me, all ye that are weary or heavy laden and I will give you rest." There is but one consolation of real virtue, and that is the closer clinging of the soul to Him who cannot die. They are not lost but saved from a world of sin and sorrow, early called home to their God, and never felt the burden or heat of the day.

Then take courage. We do not know why our little ones are taken. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken them away, and He does all things for the best. Now we see through a glass darkly, but a day is coming when we shall see face to face and know even as we are known. Then all will be made plain. But words like these cannot bring back the smile, the voice, the touch for which we hunger with maddening eagerness. Take it all to God in prayer.

Some of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD seem to enjoy scolding "Peggy" and me, because we could not wash on the boil-and-save-rubbing system. It don't worry me any. I console myself by thinking while they are scolding us they are giving somebody else a rest.

I agree with "Corn Husk" that farmers' wives and daughtors have about all the exercise they need. But there is a little comfort to be picked out of that, for it is idle hands that get into mischief.

I was going to tell "Belva" how I manage to do the work for a family of five and do my sewing and raise poultry and tend my flowers and find some time to read, but I have made my letter too long. Perhaps I may come again with that and some hints on raising chickens. Let us gather up all the sunshine and cast aside all the shadows we possibly can in this life.—LYDIA, Ainsworth, Ia.

Inquiries.

Will someone supply an article on making cheese? I want a good plan for a dairy farm of 100 acres, either for a few cows or for many? Please be plain and give process in detail, even for getting ready for market. —J. H. LANCASTER, Brenner, Kan.

Can anyone tell me a cure for femoral hernia or rupture, which is too raw to bear a truss?—AUNT MARY.

Will someone give a recipe for packing cucumbers in grape leaves, so that they will be ready for table use from the keg?—E. T. S., Howard, Kan.

Will someone tell me how to get a book of instructions and material for transferring ornaments on silk, satin, etc., without using a sad iron?—MATTIE, Southern Kansas.

By asking any bookseller to send for one. —ED.

Will someone give a few inscriptions, suitable for an engagement ring?—FRANC, Avalon, Mo.

Will someone give a recipe for bed-bug poison?—MRS. V. K. TYLER, Walnut Grove, Mo.

Will somebody give a description of either Nebraska or Dakota, in regard to soil and climate?—CHARLES, Box 45, Delta, Col.

What will cure tetter in the hands?—KIZZIE, Osborne, Kan.

How can I make a "hair switch?"—BROWN EYES, Forsythe, Mo.

Will someone tell me how to make a pretty pillow sham? I want something simple, yet pretty and easily made.—M. A. STEVENS, Belleville, Essex County, N. Y.

Mrs. Carmean, where can I get the wax for wax flowers, and how does it come? How much does it cost? Don't you have to keep your waxwork covered with a glass all the time? I have seen waxwork but it was always under glass. Can you buy your wax in sheets of different colors? Can you tell how crosses are made?—WILD BIRD.

Will somebody tell me what will kill cockroaches?—DAISY, Oldham, O.

In making silk rag curtains how much warp is generally used per yard? Should the rags be closely beaten?—CORRESPONDENT.

Will you tell us again the way to direct to obtain the pamphlet on "Silk-worm Culture?"—INQUIRER.

Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, 61st and Vine streets, Philadelphia, Pa.—ED.

Will someone send a nice layer-cake recipe?—W. H. DILLON.

Would someone tell me how I can raise wild birds, how to feed them, and what to feed them?—M. D.

Will someone tell me of an easy way to temper such steel tools, as draw knives and carpenter's chisels so they will not bend?—MECHANIC.

Can someone inform me how, or what a person with very limited means should do to prepare for a nurse?—ANXIOUS, Mount Etna, Ind.

I have caught four young birds of a kind never before seen around here. The adult female is like a dark canary, with a yellow breast, only larger. The male is blue with a red breast similar to the robin, and as sweet a singer as I have ever heard. What are they and how can I feed them?—E. C., Holgate, O.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Kate," here is the riddle of the "Goose Quill Pen." I send it from memory:

In youth, exulting high in air,
Or sailing through the water fair,
Nature, to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My body tall and slender was,
On either side with fringes graced,
Till I that tyrant, man, espied,
Who dragged me from my mother's side;
My stately neck my head he cropped,
From head to foot my body lopped.
What vexed me more, he took a freak,
And split my tongue to make me speak.
What more wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
Without my aid the best divine
In learning could not show a line,
The lawyer would forget his pleading,
The scholar could not show his reading.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on a dunghill left to rot.

E. C. SILER.

Newman, Ill.

If "Grandma" will live on raw eggs beaten up with cream, milk and crackers, and use lactopeptine, I think she will be relieved of burning in her stomach. Take plenty of rest and wear flannel over the stomach.—AUNT MARY.

In answer to "Kittie's" inquiry about coat, I send my recipe, which is simple, easy to make and good: Take 2 pts. sweet milk and put in a large spider on the stove. When it boils have the whites of 2 eggs beaten to drop in the milk. While they are scalding, beat up the 2 yolks with ½ cupful sugar, 1 tablespoonful corn starch or flour wet with a little cold milk. Take out the whites on a potato drain and stir in the above mixture. Set away in the cellar until tea time.—M., Box 73, Mason, Mich.

"Gretta" if you will cut off the ends of your hair once or twice a month it will not split, and will grow faster.—WILD ROSE, Humbolt, Neb.

Will somebody tell me where I can get buckeyes?—E. V. WILKIN, Mitchell, Dak.

Buckeyes grow all over the West. Any farmer in Ohio can supply you with bushels of them.—ED.

"Vincent" here is a dropsy cure. Get some wild grapevine, and put it in a baking pan and put in the oven and burn to ashes. Then take the ashes, put it in some wine, and take.—MR. R. B. SPENCER, Rochester, Minn.

"Olive," you will find the following very beneficial, if it does not effect a radical cure for dyspepsia: Fifteen minutes or so before breakfast take a cup of boiling water. Sip it as hot as you can bear it. It is well to repeat it before each meal, but especially in the morning. It is excellent for costiveness.

Many physicians and others will advise dyspeptics to eat whatever they crave, but my advice, taken from years of sad experience, is don't do it. If you ever want to get well you must be very particular about the quality and quantity of food you eat. Eat only three times a day and on time. Medicines are of no avail if one persists in eating irregularly and too much. I would not advise any medicine except some simple remedy, like the above and *out-door* exercise. Hot water draws the blood to the stomach, warming, stimulating and cleansing.—J. C. C., Felchville, Neb.

Recipes.

Cocoanut Layer Cake.—Here is one that will melt in the mouth: Two coffeecupfuls sugar; 1 cupful sweet milk; scant ½ cupful butter; 3 eggs; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted in flour, or 1 teaspoonful of soda and two of cream tartar will do, but the baking powder is a great deal the better; grate one large cocoanut; put one cupful in butter, not mixing very stiff, and then make a little cornstarch as for table use. In beating my eggs I always reserve a little of them for the corn-starch. Put a layer on a plate spread with cornstarch, then sprinkle thickly with cocoanut. Spread the bottom of the next layer with the starch and put on top of the cocoanut, and so on, covering the top also.

Lemon Preparation.—Make the layers the same as in the above recipe, but flavor with lemon instead of cocoanut. Put in a stew-pan ¾ cupfuls sugar, ¾ cupfuls water, and heat. When hot, dissolve a little cornstarch in water and thicken it. When it boils remove from fire and when cold put in juice and grated rind of one large lemon. You can substitute orange for the lemon, only grate but little of the rind, or it will be bitter. — A NEW CONTRIBUTOR, North Branch, N. J.

Kansas Puffs.—One cupful sugar; ½ cupful butter; ½ cupful molasses; 1 cupful sour milk; 1 teaspoonful soda; 1 cupful chopped raisins, and 1 cupful currants. Flavor with cloves and cinnamon. Make a little stiffer than you would cake and bake in little gem pans.—ELLA J. SHIRLEY, Larned, Ks.

Peach Butter.—Pare ripe peaches and put them in a kettle with sufficient water to boil them soft, when sift through a colander, removing the stones. To each quart of peaches put 1½ lbs. of sugar and boil very slowly one hour. Stir often so they will not burn. When done season with ground spice and cinnamon to taste.

Apple Butter.—Boil down a kettle of cider to two thirds of the quantity. Pare, core and slice your apples and put as many into the cider as you think your kettle will hold without boiling over. Let it boil slowly, stirring often. When done spice with cinnamon, and if you like it sweet, put in some sugar.

Blackberry Jam.—Allow ¾ lb. of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil the fruit one-half hour, then adding the sugar and boiling 10 minutes. Skim out the berries and boil down the juice to about one-third, then pour it on the berries, and they will keep in any cool place.

Gooseberry Jam.—Put your fruit in your kettle and bruise them as they cook, to get the juice out. Let them boil for 10 minutes and then add sugar in the proportion of ¾ lb. to each pound of fruit. Let it boil slowly two hours longer, stirring all the time when it thickens like jelly, when cold it is done. Season if you like.—WILD BIRD.

To Bake a Turkey.—Should you use oysters for filling, take 2 pts. bread crumbs; ½ teacupful butter, cut into little bits (not melted); 1 teaspoonful powdered thyme; Summer savory or sage, pepper, salt; mix well; drain liquor from 1 qt. oysters, use for basting. Rub the turkey with pepper and salt inside and out; fill the shape; dip in a spoonful of crumbs and a spoonful of oysters alternately; either lard the top or lay slices of bacon over it; wet the skin and sprinkle flour over it; let it stand awhile after filling before baking, then pour a little boiling water in a dripping pan and bake from three to four hours according to size of turkey. Just before taking out of oven pour in some melted butter and sprinkle over it some flour. This will make it brown and crisp. While the turkey is baking boil the gibbets, mark the liver and chop all together. When the turkey is done, put it on a hot platter. Put the pan on the fire and dredge in a little flour. When cooked stir in a little boiling water for stock; strain off every particle of fat, add gibbets and liver and season with pepper and salt and serve. If oysters are omitted, take 3 pts. bread crumbs. Season, to taste.—MRS. J. C. SMITH, West Halleck, Ill.

Cocoanut Cake.—Whites of 3 eggs, well beaten; 1 cupful sweet milk; 1 cupful butter; 1½ cupful white sugar; 2½ cupfuls flour; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in four layers. For the filling take the whites of 4 eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, add 7 tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar for each egg. Stir together, and spread between the layers and on the top of the cake. Sprinkle with dessicated cocoanut.—CARLTON.

To Preserve Eggs.—Select perfectly fresh eggs, put them, a dozen or more at a time, into a small willow basket and dip for five seconds in boiling water containing about 5 pounds of common brown sugar to a gallon of water. Next place them immediately on trays to dry. The scalding water causes the formation of a thin skin of albumen next the inner surface of the shell, the sugar effectually closing the pores of the latter. The cold eggs are then packed, small end down, in a mixture of 1 part of charcoal finely powdered and 2 parts of dry bran. Eggs so treated have been found perfectly fresh and unaltered after six months.—MRS. A. NOYES, Volga County, Iowa.

Derided Tongue.—Boil the tongue very tender. Chop fine and season to taste. I use salt, pepper, ½ teaspoonful of mustard; 1 tablespoonful of butter; 3 of vinegar, a little peppersauce or cayenne pepper, and, if I have it, half a teaspoonful of Halford or other table sauce.—MRS. L. S. ROUNSWELL.

For Dropsy—Eight ozs lignum vitæ chips; 4 ozs Indian hemp root; 1 pt. cracked white mustard seed; 2, single handfuls horse-radish, bruised. Put all into 7 qts. sound cider, reduce to 4 qts. over a slow fire. Dose from ½ to a whole wineglassful, two or three times a day. If the patient requires a cathartic give jalap or rhubarb.—AN AGED M. D.

Chilblains—Unslacked lime mixed with fresh lard and rubbed on the chilblains for a few nights, will cure any common case. After applying heat by fire.

Erysipelas—Hop emptyings with powdered charcoal mixed in, spread thickly on a cloth and bound on, are good for this.—BOX 196, Bravo, Mich.

Cure for Earache.—Roll up a paper in the shape of a funnel and put the small end in the ear. Set the large end over a shovel on which you have put a few live coals of fire, and on them sprinkle some dry sugar. Let the smoke go into the ear and it will be certain to cure. Repeat until you get ease.—NURSE.

Cure for Quinsy.—Roast an apple and wet finecut tobacco, and, mixing to the consistency of a soft poultice, apply to the throat. I have found it to be a sure and permanent cure.—SARAH ROBERTS, Golden City, Mo.

Cure for Sciatica.—Here is my recipe. Smoke root, either dry or green, cut into small bits and put into an open-mouthed bottle or jar holding about a pint. Fill in loosely till the bottle is nearly full and then fill the bottle with good whisky or alcohol. After standing a few hours, shaking occasionally, it is ready for use. Dose, 1 teaspoonful three times a day if the stomach will bear it. If not, take smaller doses. If the limbs cramp or much pain is suffered, take the skin of a cod fish, put into a jar, covering with alcohol, and after it has steeped a few hours bath the limbs in the liquor, rubbing with the hand first night and morning. I was relieved of this painful disease after suffering for months, by this simple remedy obtained from a German friend. Many others have since tried it with equally good results.—J. V. CAMILL, Hart, Mich.

WOLFSVILLE, N. C.—Dr. J. C. McLaughlin says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for vertigo and I now feel like a new man."

Our Young Folks

THE LEAP AT BAYOU CARE.

BY MARY A. BARR.

It was long before the dawning, while as yet the camp was still,
Our Colonel, keeping anxious watch, said, "Call me Texas Bill."
Then quick as the order came the man—a man with an eye like fire,
With a heart that never knew a fear, a strength that naught could tire.
"Bill, you can ride?" "I reckon." "Then saddle; I want to know
All that a man with open eyes can tell me about the foe."

Rapid and still as a man in a dream, Bill h galloped away;
And he saw the enemy on their arms, just at the break of day;
He noted them well, then backward turned, keeping an easy pace,
To rest the shored he dearly loved after her well-run race;
He praised her gait, he stroked her head, he said,
"My bonny lass,
The bridle's slack, walk at thy will and taste the fresh green grass."

They sauntered on till he heard a sound that made his pulses beat,
That made the mare prick up her ears and paw her restless feet;
The sound of galloping horses and men, and soon there came in view;
A gay little squad of cavalry, all of them men in blue.
He gathered the reins as quick as thought, "Oh, Bess, I'll trust to thee;
Now up and do thy very best for life and liberty."

But just as he pressed his Bessie's side, he turned with pleasant face,
"I am unarmed, you will not fire; I'll trust you for that grace;
Then if you take me, I will yield to good men cheerfully."
He waved his hand, cried "Good-by, boys!" Off like the wind went he;
Off like the wind, while close behind his foes came swift and hot,
But never a man among them dreamed of a pistol-shot.

A reckless race! a desperate chase! What ending would it find?
Bessie and Bill were still in front, the rest not far behind,
While just ahead was Bayou Carr, a bayou wide and deep,
Full thirty feet from side to side—would Bessie dare to leap?
She never made a single pause, she cleared it in grand style,
While all the men in blue were cheering her the while.

She stood one moment. Then Bill turned—
"Boys, once again good-by!"
They sent him back a ringing shout; he need no longer fly.
There wasn't a man that chased him but freely bade him go;
Not one to send a pistol-shot after an unarmed foe;
And sure this act of self-rest

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc., etc. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Making Hay.

Securing the hay crop is one of the most important operations of the farm, and yet how to get the best hay is a problem poorly understood, or if understood in theory, is very much neglected in practice. Many persons in putting up hay, are in the habit of salting and also liming it with air-slacked lime to absorb moisture and prevent mustiness. This practice cannot be recommended. A small quantity of lime and salt might not be injurious to stock, but there is a liability of getting in too much salt, thus compelling stock to eat more salt than the system demands. Salt in large quantities becomes poisonous, and if stock is compelled to eat it continually for a long time a falling off in flesh and feebleness will be the result.

To make good hay, timothy should be cut immediately after the blossom drops off, and clover before the heads turn black. It should be well dried and put up without receiving any rain or dew even, if possible. In a hot sunshiny day, what is cut in the forenoon should be put in the mow or stack before night. If the grass is heavy, it should be turned over with the fork or hay spreader several times to expose all portions to the sun and air, and thus deprive it of moisture, and not be obliged to cure it with salt and lime in the mow or stack. This can be done in most cases.

As a general rule the grass is allowed to get too ripe before cutting. It is then little better than straw. The gummy substance covering the outside is then washed off by rains, dissolved by dews, and the hay is woody, hard and unpalatable. Bright green hay, cut at the time above indicated, and properly handled, can be stored without danger of getting musty, and will produce more flesh on stock, more milk and butter—June butter at that—and commands a higher price in market, than that which is left standing until the seeds drop out, although it may not weigh quite as much.—*American Farmer.*

Preserving Fruit.

For the proper keeping of all kinds o preserving fruit a dry and cool closet o cupboard is indispensable; it is also of great importance that the tops of the jars should be made perfectly air-tight. The old-fashioned method of spreading paper dipped in brandy on top of jam or jelly is worse than useless, as the brandy will evaporate and leave the fruit unprotected. The best method of closing is, first to lay over the top of jams, etc., a piece of clean tissue or thin writing paper, then to take thick unsized white paper (which is sold for the purpose,) and cut out pieces half an inch larger all round than the top of the jars; well beat up white of egg and a little flour; spread the mixture with a brush over the paper, and place it with the edged side downward over the jars. It will adhere closely to the edges, and need no tying, and the egg and flour will fill the pores of the paper, and render it complete ly impervious to air. Preserves thus safely stored down never get moldy. Fruit for preserving should always be gathered when perfectly dry, and boiled down as soon as possible after gathering; if it remains for any length of time before being preserved, a slight fermentation will take place which will injure the flavor. If the fruit is allowed to become over-ripe, the preserves will become mawkish and deficient in flavor. All unripe, decayed, or otherwise imperfect fruit should be carefully picked out. The boiling should proceed rapidly for a short time; the fruit is neither likely to keep well nor to be of a good color if it is allowed to simmer for a long time. Juicy fruits, such as currants, raspberries, etc., which are now required to be kept whole, are best when only allowed to boil for seven or eight minutes before the sugar is put into the pan. Fruit, which it is desired to keep unbroken, should have a little sugar sprinkled over it a few hours previous to boiling, to draw the juice; as this will rarely be sufficient, it should have a little juice from other fruit put in with it into the pan; red-currant juice may be usually used for this purpose and it will not spoil the flavor of any other kind of fruit.

When Heifers Should Come In.

Farmers often hesitate whether to have their heifers come in at two or three years old. The purpose held in view in raising them may decide this question. If the object is to make the best milking animals, it will be better to have them come in at two years old. If the purpose is to make beef animals as well as milkers, then it would be preferable to have them come in at three years old, or even later. The development of deep milking capacity is an artificial acquirement, so to speak. It is the result largely of training. It is also aided by feed and breeding. Manipulations of the udder, as in handmilking, are the foundation or starting point, for the very wonderful milking capacity of the domestic cow.

In a wild state, the cow, like the buffalo, gives only milk enough to sustain her young, and that only for a few months. No extraordinary productions of milk ever occur in wild animals, though they are as well fed and as healthful and vigorous as in a domestic state. The cattle which have been turned out on the plains of Texas, where they have an abundance of food the year round, have their milking qualities run down to a low standard in a few generations, showing that hand-milking is as necessary to sustaining an abnormal secretion of milk as it is in developing it in the first place.

Cows derive their milk from the food they consume, and large quantities of milk can only result from high feeding; but such feeding must be done understandingly and at the proper time, or it may have an effect quite the reverse of that it is aimed at and desired. To feed a cow high when she is not in milk—that is, to give her more food than would be necessary to maintain a healthy and vigorous condition—a quantity which would be in advance of fattening or an extraordinary development of flesh, tends to check rather than to develop milk secretion.

Flocks and Fleeces.

As there is no excellence without labor, so the highest success in sheep fattening and wool growing, cannot be expected, if the grower is negligetful of any part of his duty. With regard to feed it is not sufficient that sheep have merely "plenty of it, such as it is;" they must have plenty of the most suitable kind, to produce the best results. Take our country over and we have plenty of sheep, "such as they are," but in the matter of well-bred and well-fed sheep, there is hardly a more poverty-stricken community on the globe. It is not numbers, but quality that we lack. To reach the grandest results we must make the best use of what we have, by infusing purer blood into our flocks. We have the "common" sheep in great numbers, and now the thing to be done is to gradually but steadily and surely raise the standard of excellence by the infusion of some of the "blue blood" which so many of our behind-the-time breeders are wont to consider as only suitable for "aristocratic" breeders who pursue the business of breeding more as a pleasant pastime than a means of multiplying dollars. Who has not met with men who could not afford to feed well stock? And what practical breeder who has adopted the most approved methods of breeding and feeding, considers that he can again afford to take up the out-of-date ways and means of mutton and wool-growing? The man who feels himself too poor to afford highly bred stock, may some day, when he has bought wisdom by hard experience, come to the conclusion that he never had been able to afford any other kind. The old popular notion that only rich men are able to support well-bred stock is being rapidly exploded, however, as sensible people are coming to the conclusion that poor men are not able to stand the questionable luxury of low-grade stock. A very common idea is that the examples of highly prosperous men are too extravagant for those of less means to imitate, but it is nevertheless true that such a doctrine is false, because men never reach the highest success purely upon their own management without exercising the very best judgment and employing the very means which many who are unsuccessful consider "too high toned" or extravagant.—*Drovers' Journal.*

How to Dock Lambs.

The inhuman, savage and destructive manner in which lambs are often docked, by catching hold of the lamb's tail with one hand and slashing it off with a knife in the other, while the little innocent is struggling with all of its strength to get away, thus tearing the bone of the tail half or three-fourths of an inch longer than the skin, exposed to the flies and scorching sun for weeks to heal over, if it ever does heal, many of them dying from the work of maggots—this custom, we say, induces us to give a mode far more humane and safe. The operation requires two persons. One sitting on a bench should hold the lamb on its back between his knees, the lamb's head toward the person's body. Take hold of the lamb's tail with a thumb and finger of both hands 1½ inches from its body, draw the skin of the tail as close to the lamb's body as possible. The other person with a sharp pair of toe or pruning shears cuts off the tail close to the holder's fingers. This will leave the bone of the tail three-quarters of an inch shorter than the skin. Then with a little paddle dipped in some pure tar stick the skin above and below the bone together by the tar sticking in the wool. The skin being brought together over the bone soon heals and as it grows, improves the appearance of the sheep by growing fat. The tar holds the skin together while healing, and is a perfect safeguard against flies. Another way, but not so good, is to hold the lamb on a block as above described and cut the tail off by striking on a chisel with a mallet and tar as above described.—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

The Best Food for Young Chicks.

The first meal, which should not be given until the chicks are at least 12 hours old, is hard-boiled egg, crumbled fine, or stale wheat bread crumbs moistened with milk. We make it a rule to feed nothing the first week except the egg, bread crumbs and curds. When a week old we begin on cooked oat meal, boiled potatos, cooked rice, etc. Cooked corn meal may be fed the second week, but we think they do better without any corn meal until the third or fourth week; then we give almost any cooked food, adding a little cooked meat when the egg is dropped from the bill of fare, unless insects are plenty. As soon as they are old enough to swallow the grains, give cracked corn, cracked oats, wheat, etc., at night. Two or three times a week mix a little bone meal with the feed —a tablespoonful to a pint of feed. Season the food slightly with salt and pepper. Give milk to drink if you can get it. Feed often—five or six times a day. Feed all they will eat up clean, but do not leave any food around to sour. Sour, sloppy food is responsible for a good deal of mortality among the infant chicken population.—*Fanny Field in Ohio Farmer.*

Quinces Easily Cared For.

The general neglect into which quince culture has fallen has resulted in great scarcity of the fruit and consequent high prices. A well-managed quince orchard in full bearing is about as profitable an investment as a fruit grower can have, and when it is considered that almost the only obstacle in quince growing consists in the preventable attacks of the borer, it seems strange that more attention is not given to its cultivation. The borer enters the stem near the surface of the ground, working its way upward, and anything that protects the few inches of stem above the soil insures the trees against its ravages. The best and easiest way to accomplish this is to dig down to the branching of the roots and wrap and tie a piece of charred paper, reaching not less than six inches above ground, securely around the stem, and level with the soil around it. Of course, a careful examination has to be made that the borer has not already made its home in the stem, in which case it should be destroyed by pushing a flexible wire up into its track before applying the paper.—*American Garden.*

Mingling Stock.

The *National Farmer* argues that stock, to be perfectly healthy, must have an opportunity of mingling with other living things, of various kinds. The old idea of the healthy effect goats have upon stabled horses is only one phase of a great truth, that it takes the emanations of an active life to perfect every other life. Cattle should be pastured near or in conjunction with hogs and horses. The action of one upon another is always beneficial; and the young, playful and sociable always make friends with each other in such a way that much future inconvenience would be spared in the manner. Put sheep and young cattle together and each will grow in strength one-third faster. Put horses and goats or even young cattle in the same lot and each will grow the better, will feed easier and will grow with finer results. Whenever the natural instincts of domestic animals can have play they tend to confidence and general affection for all living forms. A cat is the only thing which loves no other animal, if it endures them it is a stretch of magnanimity which actually contradicts its honest nature.

For Halter Pulling.

The *Country Gentleman*, in response to a request from a correspondent for a cure for horses which have contracted the bad habit of pulling at the halter, says: "Take a sufficient long piece of half-inch rope, put the center of it under the tail like a crupper, cross the rope on the back and tie the two ends together in front of the breast snugly, so there is no slack, otherwise it would drop down on the tail. Put an ordinary halter on (a good one) and run the halter strap or rope through a ring in the hanger or front of the stall and tie it to the rope on the front of the breast, and then slap his face and let him fly back. He will not choke nor need teling to stop pulling back. Let him wear it awhile, and twice or thrice daily scare him back as suddenly and forcibly as possible. After one or two trials you will see that he cannot be induced to pull back."

Corn for Sitting Hens.

It is claimed that corn is the most suitable food for sitters. The requirements of a sitter differ from those of other hens. Keeping quiet and without much exercise, not much is required to sustain life, and their food should be of such a nature as to digest slowly. For this reason whole grain is preferred, and corn is thought to be much the best. Soft food of any kind is soon digested, and the hen becomes hungry and either leaves the nest too frequently or else becomes very poor. The advantage of corn over other grain is that it is more oily and not so likely to stimulate the production of eggs, and being hard and compact, it digests much slower than other grain.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Care of Orchards.

The largest orchardist in Androscoggin County, Me., mulches his trees with muck which has first lain in the yard one Summer, and upon which the entire herd of cattle has been yarded. This is spread under the trees in the Fall, one-half of the orchard being thus mulched one year and the remainder the year following, so that all the trees are thus gone over in two years. In the Summer the orchards are pastured with sheep, the owner regarding this as the very best means of keeping up their condition for profitable fruit-bearing.

Strawberry Production.

Dr. Hoskins, of Vermont, says: "Very few know the productiveness of the garden strawberry under good cultivation. I have picked four peck baskets from a square rod at a single picking. Crops of 200 and occasionally 400 bushels to the acre are reported, and 150 bushels are only a fair crop. At 10 cents a quart this crop will give a return of $470, more than half of which will be clear profit. There is not nearly the competition in late berries that there is in the early crop."

BISHOP M'MULLEN.

A Noted Catholic Divine Gone to Rest.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, July 3.—Bishop John McMullen, of the Catholic diocese of Davenport, died at 4 o'clock Saturday morning, after an illness of more than a year's duration. His ailment was a cancerous affection of the stomach. He was consecrated in the Church of the Holy Name, Chicago, August 25, 1881, and arrived in Davenport a few days thereafter. In six months he had visited every parish in his diocese and confirmed over 6,000 persons. His arduous labors, together with exposure, aggravated his disease, and compelled him to desist. He visited California in the Winter, but found no relief. He was greatly beloved by his people here, and greatly respected by the entire Protestant community. He was sensible to the last moment, and conversed with the priests but a few moments before he died. The funeral will take place Friday morning at 10 o'clock. He left directions that he should be interred in Davenport. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, will preach the discourse.

Expiration of Street Car Charters—A Stiff Tax.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The charters of three Chicago street railways expire by limitation the present year, and under the original charter the City has the right to purchase the roads at their appraised value. The proposed renewal of their charters has provoked a wide discussion, and a proposition has been made by 10 capitalists to advance the money for the purchase of the roads and pay into the City Treasury annually 10 per cent. of the gross revenue. Street railway officials deny such a proposition can be or has been made. Their supposed willingness to accede the right of the City to revenue from them is shown in an ordinance submitted to the Council last night to pay yearly a license of $50 on each car operated, on condition the charters are renewed for 20 years. The ordinance was referred.

In the Interest of Suffering Humanity

We call attention to a new Vitalizing Treatment which is taken by simple inhalation, and which acts directly upon the weakened nerve-centers and vital organs, restoring them to their normal activity. Its operations are all in the line of physiological laws and forces, and it cures by giving to nature her true and healthy control in the human organism. Thousands of most wonderful cures have been made during the last thirteen years. If you are in need of such a treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, and send you such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself as to its efficacy in your own case.

A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

"Her Second Love" and the Important Secret She Reveals for the Benefit of Women.

New York World.

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maude Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of culture and the lady at her home in this City and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of both countenances both indicated.

"Is it true, Miss Granger, that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the Eastern and Western States."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restaration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable, and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theater for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season, and then to Booth's theater in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the Galley Slave, and also starred in Two Nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the Planter's Wife, and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

• Lynn, Mass., always was a good place for health, but it has become a modern Bethesda since Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of 233 Western avenue, made her great discovery of the Vegetable Compound, or panacea for the principal ills that afflict the fair creation. This differs, however, from the ancient scene of marvelous cures in this important particular: The healing agent, with all its virtues, can be sent to order by express or mail all over the world.

OBERLIN.

The Semi-Centennial Jubilee in Progress There.

CLEVELAND, July 4.—At the Oberlin Semi-Centennial Jubilee to-day, exercises in the building constructed by the students for the occasion, the auditorium was packed. The forenoon session was presided over by Judge J. E. Ingersoll, of Cleveland, an address of welcome by Pres. J. H. Fairchild, Class of '38; Jubilee address, by Gen. J. D. Cox, of Cincinnati, Class of '51; Rev. William H. Ryder, of Ann Arbor, Class of '60, spoke on "The Colony and the College;" Miss Lucy Stone, of Boston, Class of '47, on "Oberlin and Woman;" Prof. Judson Smith, of the Theological Department, class '63, on "Future Work of Oberlin." A hymn commemorative of the anniversary, composed by Rev. Dr. Samuel Walcutt, was sung by the congregation. C. C. Carpenter, of Washington, read a poem, Gov. Charles Foster delivered a pertinent address, reviewing the history and work of the institution. Rev. Dr. Streiby also spoke.

In the afternoon Hon. James Monroe presided. Rev. E. D. Williams of Minneapolis, class of '65, then spoke on "Oberlin Humor," and there was a poem by Rev. P. S. Boyd, of Amesbury, Mass., class of '60. Brief speeches were made by the alumni and representatives, among them Tutor Hodge, class of '38; Prof. Feck, Cleveland High School; Rev. Pling Steele Boyd, class of '60, of Amesbury; a poem by Rev. Robt. West, of the Chicago Advance; Prof. Morely, of Western Reserve University; Prof. Fiske, of the Chicago Congregational Theological Seminary; Rev. Dr. James Eells, Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati; Prof. Barbour, of Yale, College; Prof. S. J. Buck, of Grinnell University; Rev. Dr. Simon Gilbert, of Chicago; Rev. Arthur M. Tombe, of Kentucky; Pres. Merrill, of Ripon College, Wisconsin, and Pres. Brooks, of Tabor College, Iowa.

Letters were received from John G Whittier, Frederick Douglass, Whitelaw Reid, Sens. Pendleton and Sherman, Judge Forraker, and the Faculties of Marietta, Bangor and Andover Colleges. J. G. Whittier wrote:

"DANVERS, June 20, 1883—I regret to be obliged to say I have not been able to comply with request for a poem for the Oberlin semi-Centennial celebration. I delayed definite answer, hoping I could give a favorable one, but the state of my health has made writing so difficult I have not dared undertake what, under other circumstances, would have been labor love. I am not insensible to the great and peculiar interest of the occasion. I fully recognize the debt which freedom, temperance, and Christian manhood and womanhood owe to the noble institution—faithful where others were faithless in the dark days of slavery discussion. God bless and prosper it.

"I am very truly thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

Yellow Fever.

PENSACOLA, July 6.—Two ships have arrived from Vera Cruz with yellow fever. The vessels were isolated at quarantine.

"Dr. Benson's Celery Pills improved my nervous system." Rev. R. F. Taylor, Lawrenceville, Pa.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Very General Observance of the Day Throughout the United States.

NEW YORK, July 5.—The Fourth was a hot day hereabouts. The First Company of Washington Continental Guards, Charleston, S. C., took part this morning with the veterans of 1812 in the raising of a flag at the battery, after which they marched across the Brooklyn bridge and took a steamboat for Newburg, where they visited Washington headquarters.

The Cadets of the Military Institute of Virginia marched shortly after 9 o'clock this morning from the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where, after stacking their arms in the corridor, they entered the reception room, where Pres. Arthur awaited them. Addressing the Cadet Corps, he said:

"Gentlemen of the Corps of Cadets, I am glad your visit to this City upon the errand of good peace and good will, which has turned your stepe hitherward, affords me the opportunity and pleasure of presenting the diplomas to the members of your graduating class. I regret other engagements will prevent my presence at the City Hall where you propose to discharge your interesting mission, but I wish here to express my hope and confidence that henceforth, whenever the flag of a New York regiment shall be assailed, if gallant soldiers of Virginia are by, they will be prompt and eager to defend it."

The President then presented their diplomas to the graduates. The Cadets then marched to the City Hall, where they were received by the Corcoran Legion and escorted to the Governor's room. There were present Mayor Edson, some military gentlemen, members of the Board of Aldermen, and 25 veterans of the Sixty-fourth Regiment. The flag was then presented, a collasion followed, and the Cadets marched back to quarters.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Advices from points throughout the Northwest indicate very general observance of the National anniversary, though with less in the way of set programs and speech-making than usual. In this City there was no formal public celebration. The races at the Driving Park and four professional ball games furnished the sportively inclined with amusement. As for the remainder of the population many went pic-nicing in the country roundabout and to the parks and to the lake. Excursion boats were crowded after nightfall. There were an unusually large number of illuminations and private pyrotechnic displays. Nature herself seemed in accord with the general rejoicing. The southern heavens blazed with a sheet of lightning, and in the west was a most magnificent display of forked lightning starting at a central point. The bolts radiated in every direction, zizzaging across the firmament with brightness, beside which the brillian red, green and purple of the Roman candles and rockets were as a penny taper beside a lime light. At 9 o'clock rain began falling fast, and heaven's artillery drowned the multitudes of gunpowder clatter. Casualties of the day foot up: Accidentally killed by bullets, 3—man, woman and child; drowned, two boys, bathing in the lake.

At Quincy the feature of the day was the unveiling of the bronze statue of the late Gov. John Wood, the earliest settler in Quincy. The oration was delivered by ex-Gov. Richard J. Oglesby.

CINCINNATI, July 4.—There was no formal celebration here to-day, but business was almost wholly suspended. Picnics and pyrotechnic displays drew great crowds to the hill top houses. A balloon ascension was undertaken at the Highland House, but the storm disabled the balloon, and the gas escaped, so that when the balloon was cut loose it was blown violently against a house and collapsed. Aeronaut Williams was painfully though not dangerously injured. Two games of base ball were played, with a very large attendance. Celebrations were very general throughout the State.

At Leesburg, the Grand Army of the Republic controlled the ceremonies. Judge Foraker, the Republican candidate for Governor, delivered an oration.

Four thousand people assembled at Millersburg, Ohio, and 15,000 at Mansfield, where the fire companies' contest took place.

A fatal case of sunstroke was reported from Steubenville, and another case from Sidney, Ohio.

MILWAUKEE, July 5.—The Fourth passed quietly, there being no fires up to the evening, and only two accidents from pistols, one case being the loss of an eye and the other an injured hand. A thunder storm in the morning drenched the military, and during its progress a man from Wauwatosa, 22 years old, and only recently married, was killed by lightning while driving on Grand avenue. The body did not have a scar, but the trousers and shoe of one leg were torn off. His horse was also killed. Gen. Winkler delivered the oration of the day at National Park, and fire works was shot off at the same place in the evening, and also at the Soldier's Home, where a brilliant display was made.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 4.—The Fourth was observed as a holiday by all branches of business. The streets and buildings were decorated less profusely than in previous years. The military parade was longer and more imposing than usual. There were many fires, none serious, and several bad accidents by toy pistols.

Reports from interior towns show the day was generally observed.

PITTSBURG, July 4.—The observance of the Fourth of July was marked by no special feature in this City. There was a general exodus to the country in the morning, and after 10 o'clock the streets were deserted.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 4.—There was no public observance of the National holiday in this City, but was generally observed throughout the State.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 4.—The Fourth was celebrated with enthusiasm by the American residents. A banquet was given in Tivelide San Cosona. Speeches were made by Minister Morgan, Consul-General Strother, Mr. O'Dwey and representative Mexicans, Frenchmen and Spaniards. Congratulatory letters were received from Pres. Gonzalos and Gov. Fernandez, of the federal district.

Mrs. Orlena Marshall, of Granby, O., says: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured me of epilepsy."

BISHOP M'LAREN

Tells Rev. Arthur Ritchie That He Can Have No Sympathy With Lawbreakers.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Bishop McLaren, of the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago, has addressed a letter to the Parish of the Church of the Ascension, of this City, presided over by Rev. Arthur Ritchie, in answer to one sent him one week ago. A controversy had arisen over the high ritual observed by the pastor of the Ascension, and which apparently induced the Bishop at a late Diocesan Convention to announce his views upon the matter. Rev. Ritchie recently tendered his resignation, and a letter from the Parish to the Bishop urged him not to accept it, and in addition proceeded to discuss the question of ritual. The Bishop responds in a mild tone, and expresses an affectionate solicitude for both pastor and parish, but asserts that the order of solemn mass, when there is no communion of people, as printed and used at the Church of the Ascension, is not the order for the administration of the Lord's supper or holy communion, as set forth in the book of common prayer. It is doctrinally and liturgically a different service, says the Bishop, and no priest, Roman, Greek, or Anglican, save Mr. Ritchie, celebrates the Eucharist by means of such an office.

The Bishop asserts he has no prejudice against a lawful ritual of an ornate character, and has no sympathy with that kind of control which seeks to regulate every detail of a clergyman's work, but cannot make a compromise with lawbreaking, which is apparently the case in this instance.

It is thought the controversy will result in an attempt to form a new church body, observing an extreme ritual.

Pure blood means perfect health. Use *Samaritan Nervine* and the result is certain, *i. e.* health.

Revising the Old Testament.

NEW YORK, July 5.—The Committee on revision of the Old Testament continued their session to-day. The comparison of the work of the American and English Committees was completed.

The manufacturers of Dr. Price's Flavoring Extracts and Cream Baking Powder, with their large trade, wide reputation, and constantly increasing popularity, have too much at stake to put upon the market anything which has not, by cureful analysis and constant trial, been found to be not only harmless, but positively beneficial.

Iowa Out of Debt.

DES MOINES, July 5.—The State Treasurer has just paid the last dollar of the State war debt, in addition to which the State has no other indebtedness of any character not covered by the funds in the treasury.

An Old Editor Dead.

MULLENSBURG, O., July 5.—Hon. James A. Estill died to-day. He served two terms in the Ohio Legislature, and was for many years editor of the Holmes County Farmer.

Humors, Scrofula, Ulcers, all vanish before Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Internal and external.

ANTI-MONOPOLY.

The Conference at Chicago on the Fourth—Small Attendance—Kearney Refused Admission as a Delegate.

CHICAGO, July 4.—About 250 delegates responded to the call for a National conference of Anti-Monopolists, and held a session here to-day which was prolonged well into the night. The original call outlined as the purpose of the Convention the organization of a new political party. Delegates were requested to appear who were in favor of a restriction of the power of corporations, holding of public lands for actual settlers, suppression of gambling in necessities of life, and the overthrow of all monopolies.

The proceedings during the forenoon and afternoon session were marked by disorder and confusion. The Committee on Credentials experienced difficulty in determining who were properly accredited delegates. There was, also, some sharp preliminary sparring on the Tariff question, it being soon developed that the New York delegation favored Protection, while the Nebraska and nearly all other Western State delegations favored Free Trade. The election of a New York man for permanent Chairman was looked upon as a victory for the Protectionists. Another contest was provoked over the admission of Dennis Kearney and Stephen Maybell, of California, which resulted in the refusal by the Convention to recognize them as such.

The meeting was called to order by Edwin Lee Brown, of Chicago, who said delegates had been called together to inaugurate a new declaration of independence, one which would relieve them from the power of monopolies, and which was a higher creed than could be found in either of the Republican or Democratic party platforms. It was found that the following States were represented: New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, Dakota, California, Missouri, Kentucky and District of Columbia. Allen Root, of Nebraska, was chosen temporary Chairman and C. C. Post, of Indiana, temporary Secretary. Mr. Root, on taking the chair, after adverting to the call for the Convention, said that the laboring classes of America wanted, not free trade, but a tariff based upon equity, and not like that which for 30 years had kept up a mock show of protecting the people, while it had in reality been robbing them of $400,000,000 annually.

Committees on Resolutions, Credentials and Permanent Organization were appointed, and the Committee on Credentials reported shortly after the noon recess. When California was reached it was ascertained the names of Kearney and Maybell had been omitted. The Chairman of the Committee explained their credentials had been signed by a local meeting called by themselves, while five other delegates from California had credentials under a call issued for the Convention. Supplementary to this report the Secretary of the Convention read various letters and telegrams from the Anti-Monopoly Leagues in California, denouncing Kearney as being in the employ of the railroads and present at the Convention in their interest. Mr. Kearney was given an opportunity to make an explanation, and reiterated the views already given. The Convention by a strong majority vote adopted the report excluding Kearney and Maybell, after which the former announced he would organize a Convention of his own. The Committee on Permanent Organization reported in favor of John F. Henry, of Brooklyn, for Permanent Chairman, and C. C. Post, of Indiana, for Secretary, and the report, after considerable discussion, was adopted.

The night session was devoted entirely to speeches by delegates, and as the Committee on Platform failed to finish its work the Convention adjourned to to-morrow morning.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Little progress was made this morning at the National Conference of Anti-Monopolists. The proceedings were marked by good order, all present having been recognized as delegates. The Committee on Resolutions were not ready to report, and the interim was filled with speeches on the advisability of organizing a new party, and the stand it should take on the Tariff. Letters of encouragement from Anti-Monopoly bodies of Oregon and New Jersey were read to the Convention, espousing the objects for which the assemblage had been called.

Mr. Brand, delegate from Nebraska, while in favor of free trade, was willing to put the question aside, provided the platform contemplated the suppression of all kinds of monopoly, and in particular railroad monopoly.

Samuel Crocker, of Iowa, characterized the present tariff system as a scheme of robbery, and he asserted that the delegates from his State were not present to keep quiet on questions which involved the robbery of the farmer class.

Wm. Wolf, of New York, urged the Convention to confine itself to the question of anti monopoly, and not attempt to organize a new party until it had a million votes at its back.

Mr. Lamb, of Kansas, said the Convention had been called to organize a new party, and it was bound to abide by this resolve. Kansas had a nucleus ready for a new party.

William Dodge, of the District of Columbia, made a speech directed at the railroad companies of the country, claiming they had robbed the people of 200,000,000 acres of the public domain.

Ex-Congressman De LaMatyr, of Indiana, discussed the greenback question, and stated his belief the country was ripe for the organization of a new party directed against monopolies. He declared that in a nation where the average salary of the working people was $300 per year and another class had incomes ranging from $100,000 to $1,000,000 annually, there was every prospect of a revolution.

Rev. R. Heber, of Newton, and R. H. J. Duganue, of New York, were admitted as delegates, after which the session adjourned to 2 o'clock. The platform will be announced this afternoon.

The afternoon session was not entered upon till 3 o'clock. Mr. Streater, of Illinois, submitted a platform prepared by the Committee, which advocated a postal telegraph system, abolishment of the National banking system, establishment of a graduated income tax and of postal savings banks. It denounced gambling in the necessaries of life, favored protection of patent laws, and confining the taxation power of Congress to assessing a tax for the necessary expenses of the Government only. Discussion followed upon the various provisions of the platform.

The following officers were elected: President, John T. Henry, New York; Secretary, D. F. Sliver, Indiana; Assistant Secretary, N. B. Killmer, New York; Treasurer, Edwin Lee Brown, Illinois, and a Vice President from each State. Adjourned.

If bilious, or suffering from impurity of blood, or weak lungs and fear consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs), take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and it will cure you. By druggists.

A Bungling Execution in Texas.

EL PASO, July 5.—Jos. Brewster, a soldier guilty of rape on Mrs. Davies, at Fort Davis, one year ago, was hung at Yalota this afternoon. He made no confession, but delivered a speech of 20 minutes, during which he took two big drinks of whisky, his religious adviser taking the bottle from him once.

The knot was tied in a bungling way, and after the fall Brewster writhed and twitched terribly. Then the rope slipped and he was hauled up from the trap and upon the platform.

The rope was replaced and he was then rehung. After being cut down, the body was placed in a redwood coffin and given in charge of the priest. Over 800 people were present, the vehicles stationed about numbering 30. The best of order prevailed.

The following, from the Lowell Daily *Courier*, speaks well of an article made in their city: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is fast growing in use, and doing much good. This is no 'patent medicine', but a preparation of a standard article for specific diseases, and its effect is said to be very marked. The testimonials which they give are bona fide, from parties who have used the preparation, and cheerfully give their testimony as to its worth. Those afflicted with Scrofula, Biliousness or General Debility, should try this remedy. Hood & Co., are careful and experienced pharmacists, and their preparations can be relied on."

A New Hampshire Storm—Three Men Killed.

DOVER, N. H., July 5.—Last night a storm did great damage at the Cocheco Print Works. One storehouse filled with prints ready for shipment was flooded and 140 cases containing 2,350 yards each, valued at $240,000, were submerged and badly damaged. A large stock of gum and colors was destroyed. Loss, several thousand dollars.

The flood was caused by the collapse of a street sewer. Lightning struck seven houses in the vicinity, causing a large amount of damage, and killing Martin Frost, of Frost Hill, T. W. Elliott and Oliver W. Knowlton, of Durham.

A Doctor Assassinated.

UNION, Ind., July 5.—Dr. W. P. Hornbrook, a respected physician, was shot and killed in his office by Sam Hemminger, a farm laborer, with whom he had some dispute about work. Hemminger was arrested.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted specific for all malarial diseases and biliary derangements.

HENRY P. BOWEN

Has His Annual Fourth of July Celebration in Connecticut—A Gathering of Notable People.

WOODSTOCK, Conn., July 4.—Henry P. Bowen's annual Fourth of July celebration met with even better success than usual. The festivities opened yesterday afternoon with the arrival from New York of a special drawing room car containing ex-President and Mrs. Hayes, Sen. Platt, Bishop Coxe and other guests. They were received at the depot at Putnam by representative citizens of Woodstock and Putnam and escorted out to Putnam on their way to Woodstock by citizens and a brass band.

As the little procession passed the Putnam Catholic Church, a little girl approached the Bowen family carriage, containing Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, and in a neat, graceful address presented each with a bouquet of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes returned thanks in pleasant words. Almost the entire population of Woodstock was out to receive the distinguished guests and escort them to Bowen's Summer home.

In the evening a reception was held at the Bowen residence, which was attended by thousands of people from Woodstock and surrounding towns. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes assisted Mr. and Mrs. Bowen in receiving the guests. Among the notables present were Sen. and Mrs. Platt, Congressman Waite, of Connecticut, Bishop Coxe, Sen. and Mrs. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, Sen. Blair, of New Hampshire, John B. Gough, J. M. Allen, of Hartford, Rev. H. E. P. Atterbury Kingley, J. Wining and Wm. Hayes Ward, of New York. Miles Standish, lineal descendant of the pilgrim fathers was also present, which was the cause from of New York with the Bowen family.

Roseland Park, a 50-acre tract, presented to the Town of Woodstock by Mr. Bowen, was thrown open to the people, and between 3,000 and 4,000 citiz

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

The benefit fund for Parnell has reached £17,055.

Silver has been discovered near Montvale Springs, Tenn.

Martinge, the Italian forger, has started on his return voyage.

A Jackson County (Ga.) negro claims to be the father of 42 children.

Rev. E. H. Pratt, assistant editor of the New York Evangelist, is dead.

The Canadian rifle team have arrived in London and commenced practicing.

The first bale of the new cotton crop, sold at Albany, Ga., brought 25¼ cents per pound.

Denmark has imposed quarantine upon vessels arriving at Danish points from Egypt.

James Jack, of Norristown, Pa., while drunk on the 4th, strangled his wife to death. Arrested.

Richardson Bros., of Moorhead, Minn., lumber merchants, assigned to W. H. Davy. Liabilities, $47,000.

Hon. John C. New has been acting as Secretary of the Treasury during the absence of Mr. Folger.

In the New Hampshire Senatorial contest Rollins' vote was decreased to 80. Necessary to a choice, 188.

Wm. Bronson and Frederick Gencle, unmarried, were drowned in White River, at Indianapolis, while bathing.

At Cleveland's prize drill on the Fourth, the Detroit Light Guards took first prize and the Detroit City Grays second.

Michael Davitt addressed a mass meeting at Inveshowen, Ireland, in celebration of the anniversary of American Independence.

Hon. David Davis presided over an old-fashioned celebration at Bloomington, Ill., where John H. Oberly was the orator of the day.

Rev. Louis Bundick a young Methodist clergyman of Brooklyn, was arrested on a charge of leading astray Josephine Harrington, aged 16.

All check stamps forwarded for redemption and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Judge Allen, not satisfied with the jurors drawn thus far in the trial of ex-Treas. Polk, discharged all seven of the jurors, and ordered a new panel.

At Blissville, a train on the Long Island Railroad struck a beer wagon, demolishing the wagon and killing the horses and Patrick Coyle and Peter Kruch.

In the case of Rabbi Schull, on trial at Dallas, Texas, before a Jewish ecclesiastical court on the charge of adultery, the verdict was unanimously not guilty.

At Zanesville, O., the dry goods store of Alex. Johnson was closed by the Sheriff on an execution issued on judgment notes for $11,000 in favor of William Gox,

A very severe storm passed over Indianapolis on the 4th, lasting from 12 to 3 P. M. Several residences and business buildings were struck and slightly damaged.

Official announcement is made of the appointment of Richards Carroll as General Superintent of the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Ro adand all its branches.

About 30 pauper immigrants arrived at New York on the steamer "Bolivia," of the Anchor Line. Should any of them become chargeable to the public, they will be sent back to Europe.

Whitcomb & Kendall, Chicago provision dealers, confessed judgment in favor of Philip Armour for $85,000. The total liabilities of the firm are placed at $100,000; assets unknown.

Capt. James Fleming, ex-Treasurer Polk's book-keeper, recently arrested on the charge of making false entries on the State Treasurer's book amounting to $40,000, has arrived at Nashville.

Queen Victoria has granted a pension of £150 per annum to Lady Palliser, widow of Major Sir William Palliser, C. B., inventor of the Palliser gun and of many improvements connected with projectiles.

The conjurer who gave the entertainment at Sunderland, England, after the close of which 182 children were suffocated and trampled to death in a panic, was "censured" for not providing more attendants.

At Newcastle, Pa., a glass-flattener named Amphlett, at noon to-day, while beating his wife, upset a boiler of scalding water on his two-year old son, burning him so that he cannot recover. The brute is in jail.

The Convent of Villa Marie, at Montcland, Canada, the interior of which is rapidly approaching completion, will, it is said, cost about $1,000,000, and will be one of the finest buildings of the kind on the continent.

Value of exports of petroleum and petroleum products for May, 1883, $5,412,182, against $4,168,160 in same month last year; for 11 months ended May 31, 1883, $40,-607,966, against $46,563,142 the corresponding period last year.

Prince L. Moody, of Streator, Ill., after assisting to fire a cannon, early Wednesday morning, sat in a widow to get cooled, and fell asleep. His wife called out to him in warning, and he woke so suddenly as to fall into the street and break his neck.

Trevelyan told the Commons yesterday that in view of the action of the New York Commissioners and Collector, orders would be given by the British authorities to suspend grants of money to emigrants who have been inmates of workhouses

Eleven prisoners under sentence for various crimes, to be served at Fort Leavenworth prison, escaped from the guard-house at Fort Omaha by tunneling under the foundation and overpowering the guards. Three have been recaptured.

Orders have been received at Stettin from the Chinese legation at Berlin to stop the work of enrolling the crew and purchasing provisions for the new Chinese ironclad which was constructed there. Orders for the sailing of the vessel for China have been countermanded.

A destructive fire at Gadsden, Ala., was discovered about noon yesterday. Two blocks in the central part of the City, mostly frame store houses, were destroyed. Loss about $100,000; insurance about $40,000. H. Herzberg & Co., general store, are the largest losers, about $40,000.

The Attorney General has given an opinion to the Secretary of the Treasury that the exportation of bonded whisky to Bermuda, with a view to its re-importation for the purpose of evading or delaying the payment of the tax, is not an exportation within the meaning of the law.

John Kane, a sistant tridge contractor of the Wabash road, was shot and killed on an excursion train at Mound City Wednesday night, by a negro named Nelson Howard, who took to the woods, but was captured and jailed at Mound City. Kane was a single man. The cause for the act is unknown,

Tuke has written a letter defending the class of emigrants he for warded to America. He states that the work of the society of which he is the head is virtually finished for the season. He could place over 50 families in the United States and the Canadas. He further states that he has many applications from American employers for foreign laborers.

A Laredo special relates the particulars of the assassination of H. Mias, a prominent Jewish merchant of Benivedes last Monday night by a Mexican. The Mexican was standing in a booth at the Mexican fair and without warning, and stepping close to the merchant, the Mexican shielded himself behind a bystander, fired from a six shooter the fatal shot.

Complaint is lodged with the Superintendent of Castle Garden by the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, that Hannah Maghan, who arrived in New York as an "assisted emigrant" by the Anchor Line and has been employed as a domestic in Philadelphia, is insane. She was in a lunatic asylum in Ireland and has no means and is unable to work.

District Attorney Eggleston has received notification from Atty. Gen. Brewster that, inasmuch as the Ohio Penitentiary has ample accommodations and will support United States prisoners upon the same conservative basis as other penitentiaries, no further use will hereafter be to the place of confinement for United States prisoners sentenced to imprisonment for one year or over.

Railroad coal operators at Pittsburg are disposed to refuse the decision of Mr. McCune, trade tribunal umpire, fixing the rate of mining for the Summer at 81 cents per bushel, and it is claimed that the tribunal will be reorganized by only a few firms. Miners say they agreed in good faith to accept the umpire's decision, and that if operators refuse to do likewise there will be several strikes.

Ferdinand A. Witte, aged 23, who says he was in business in Cincinnati as banker and broker, has been sentenced to the New York penitentiary for one year and to pay a fine of $500, on the plea of guilty to the charge of obtaining $37 on a worthless draft on H. Witte & Co., of Cincinnati. He is also charged with swindling a German 66 years old, named Henry Sottong, out of $5,000. Witte left in care of the German a sealed box, supposed to contain $50,000 Government bonds, and obtained money on what Sottong believed to be ample security. When the box was opened it was found to contain worthless paper.

C. R. Marvin, the oldest member of the New York Stock Exchange, is dead.

Hon. A. B. James, ex-Judge of the New York Supreme Court and Congressman, is dead.

Utica, N. Y., has several cases of milk poisoning, said to have originated from adulteration.

A clerk in the employ of H. Fieder & Co., Cincinnati, has absconded with $8,500 of the firm's money.

Pink-eye prevails to an alarming extent in parts of Oswego County, N. Y., and horses are dying rapidly.

Secretary of War Lincoln and Postmaster General Gresham will pass a week or so on the Long Island coast.

Jealousy impelled Jim Napier (colored) to beat his wife nearly to death at Hampton, Ga., and then he hanged himself.

The American Soft-Water Company of Chicago, with a capital of $500,000, has obtained a charter at Springfield.

The deaths in New York this week numbered 1,050, against 716 last week. Of these 672 were of children under five years of age.

The directory of Milwaukee, about to be issued, shows an increase in population during the past year of 10,000, and a total of 148,000.

There were 38 casualties in Chicago on the Fourth. Three were killed, five fatally wounded, 25 maimed for life and five slightly injured.

Fitzgibbon, the noted pugilist, who was shot by a Salt Lake City bricklayer named Joyce while engaged in an altercation, died Thursday morning

Strong hopes are now entertained of the recovery of Gen. H. H Sibley, the most conspicuous citizen of Minnesota, who has long been dangerously ill.

Judge Lawrence has lately returned to Washington from Ohio with the information that the Prohibitionists will all vote the Republican ticket at the coming election.

Andrew Harnahan, a private of the Third Cavalry, at Fort Leavenworth, who was sbout to be sent to the insane asylum at Washington, killed himself with a revolver.

While Private Dalzell with his wife and two children, were driving to a Fourth of July celebration, their carriage was overturned and they were all four seriously hurt.

At Norristown, Pa., Albert Harvey, who, with James Jack, was under arrest for the murder of Mrs. Mary Jack, committed suicide in his cell in the County jail Friday night.

Samuel Harrington, of New York City, has caused the arrest of Lewis Bundeck, a colored preacher of some note, for the betrayal of his daughter. He sues for $5,000 damages.

Mrs. Law was working in a tobacco field near Lancaster, Pa., on Friday, when a storm came up. She endeavored to reach the house, but was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Arrangements have been completed for a pilgrimage of Apollo Commandery, of Chicago, to Europe, which is undertaken in lieu of attending the triennial Conclave at San Francisco.

A section of Cole's circus was ditched four miles west of Brainard, Minn. Four baggage-cars were wrecked. O. N. Hart, the assistant manager, had a rib broken and received internal injuries.

M. S. Nichols & Co., the Chicago brokers who recently failed, have sued 23 Watertown, N. Y., speculators for between $40,-000 and $50,000 for margins which the firm advanced to carry their accounts.

An old brass cannon exploded at Missouri Valley, Iowa, fatally injuring a man named White, who was firing salutes with it. He loaded it with two and one-half pounds of powder and then filled it with dirt.

At Albany, N. Y., August Elders and child, in a small boat in the river, taking shelter under a bank, were struck by a falling tree during a cyclone and killed. The mother was dangerously injured.

Arthur J. Blaney, charged with embezzling $44,000 from the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company, pleads guilty to embezzlement, but not guilty of forgery. He will be sentenced on the first charge and tried on the second next week.

Miss Van Lew, of Richmond, Va., whose services during the war in behalf of the Union cause and in aid of Union soldiers in Libby Prison, gave her some prominence, has been tendered a first-class clerkship in the Postoffice Department by Postmaster General Gresham.

Nearly 8,000 persons assembled at the cmetery on the farm of the late Gov. Williams, of Indiana, to witness the unveiling of a suitable monument. All the State officers were present, and addresses were delivered by ex-Sen. McDonald and Sens. Voorhees and Harrison.

Republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature decided to hold six more sessions of the Tewksbury investigation, make report, and adjourn by July 21. They will also ask the Supreme Court's opinion whether they can legally adjourn without the Governor's consent.

Advices from Venezuela state that locusts are making sad havoc in many parts of the country. They have reached Pherto Cabello, Valencia, and the inland districts in the same longitude. In one night all the vegetation in the neighborhood was destroyed. It is feared they will soon reach the fertile valley of the Caranas.

Petitions are being circulated in Marysville, O., asking the City Council to pass an ordinance suppressing the sale of intoxicating liquor within the corporation. Leading Republicans refuse to sign the petition on the ground that the movement was started by Democrats with a view of dividing the Republican party. Excitement is high.

Mr. Beecher preached his last sermon in Plymouth Church Sunday prior to his Summer vacation. He will be gone until the first Sunday in October. He will visit the Pacific Coast, returning by the way of the Northern Pacific Railway. Plymouth Church remains closed till the first Sunday in September.

It is now settled that the President will start on his contemplated trip to Yellowstone Valley about the first of August. Arrangements for the trip are in the hands of Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan. The party will number about 10 persons and be gone five or six weeks. The President will join Gen. Sheridan and other members of the party at Chicago.

At Mt. Sterling, Ky., a negro named Dick Biggers, who attempted to rape a servant of T. C. Anderson, was taken from the jail and was about to be hung to the railroad bridge, when Marshal Pansh, who broke up the celebrated Barnet bandits, appeared, and in a short speech persuaded the crowd to let the negro be taken back to jail. The mob was masked and numbered over 50.

In the Superior Court at Montreal, Judge Papineau granted a separation and alimony to the wife of Thomas Davidson, a wealthy insurance broker. The lady possesses great attractions and a fine education. During a visit to Rome she embraced the Catholic faith, and on estrangement commenced in regard to the education of the children.

William McCarthy was shot in a street melee in Chicago, it is supposed, by a young man named J. H. Flynn, though the latter denies that he fired the shot. He claims to have been passing a party of quarreling and drunken men, among whom was McCarthy, and that the latter drew a pistol on one of his companions. McCarthy is dead.

A Russellville, Ark., special says: Sunday morning at Newhope church, Hope County, just before service began, John Herring accused B. J. Harrill of circulating injurious reports about him. Harrill denied, but Herring sprang at him and stabbed him three times. It is believed he will die. A constable attempted to arrest Herring, who flourished his bloody knife, defied arrest and fled.

It is the belief in Washington that the declared intention of the owner of bonded whisky of exporting his goods will have to be accepted in good faith, and a declaration to that effect is likely to secure a release from any warehouse. What the customs divisions will do when the spirits already shipped are returned is another matter, regarding which nothing has been learned.

Chief Moses and other Indian chiefs had another conference with Sec. Teller, who agreed to furnish supplies of various kinds to give Moses $600 per annum, provided he keeps the agreement concerning the relinquishment of reservation. The Secretary also agreed to build a school house and grist mill. The agreement is conditional upon Congress appropriating a sufficient amount for the purpose named.

The Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commission has appointed George T. Torrence as State Weighmaster, and John Wade, now official Weighmaster on the Board of Trade, Chicago, as Principal assistant. This is a new department created at the last session of the Legislature, and will be opened August 1. It grows out of what was thought to be an arbitrary rule of the railroads in not permitting an overseeing weighmaster.

At Helena, Ark., W. B Burke, editor of the World, was attacked by W. J. Lewis, a newspaper correspondent. Lewis fired first without effect, when Burke drew his revolver and began firing and advancing upon his antagonist. Lewis fired four shots and Burke three, one of which passed through Lewis' right arm and lodged in his right breast. Lewis was arrested. His wounds are slight. The difficulty grew out of a special sent by Lewis reflecting on Burke.

The Northwestern Ohio School.

The annual announcement of this old and highly reputed school appears in another column. This institution has a most enviable reputation, and its graduates are found in places of honor and usefulness all over the country. There is no better Seminary west of the Alleganies than it is.

ASSISTED IMMIGRANTS.

Large Numbers Passing Through Canada for the United States.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—Special Agent Howell, now at Plattsburg, N.Y., has called to the large number of immigrants arriving at Quebec and Montreal, and says many of them are almost destitute, having neither money nor friends, and are too feeble by reason of age to support themselves. He says most of this class are paupers, who have been assisted to procure passage, and are ticketed to points in the Western part of the United States. The Special Agent is informed that 28 persons who left Ireland only 20 days before, were found helpless and starving in the streets of Buffalo, and were committed to the Erie County almshouse. All of these people came into the United States, via. Canada. The Canadian steamers engaged in importing cattle to Great Britain, make very low rates for this class of immigrants from Ireland to Canada.

He says he is also informed that a large number of "State aided" immigrants are to leave Foyrus, Ireland, on the next Allan line steamer, and are to be sent at once from Canada into the United States. It is stated at the Treasury Department that there is no law to prevent pauper immigration through Canada territory.

A Michigan Man Deserts His Family to Elope With a 14-Year-Old Girl.

REED CITY, July 9.—On the Fourth of July, Forbes Bush deserted his wife and family at Chase and left for parts unknown with Eliza Wilson, a 14-year-old girl, daughter of Thomas Wilson. The father of the girl got out a warrant before Justice Tanner for abduction, and the officers have been searching for Bush in all directions. A reward of $50 is offered for his arrest. Bush is about 30 years of age, hight about five feet six inches, light hair and complexion and a mustache dyed black. The girl has black hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, full face, is "heavy set," and has a scar on the side of her nose. Bush is a mill man and was setter in Bond's sawmill. Wilson, the father of the girl, is engineer of the mill. They have worked together for five years, ever since Bush has been in Chase. The two families also live next door neighbors. Bush leaves a wife and two children. The wife of Bush and the mother of the girl are almost crazy over the affair. The girl has always lived at home and been indulged in every want. Fourth of July morning she said she was going down to see the procession; kissed the baby and left the house. She met Bush at the depot, came with him to Reed City and took the train south. While in Chase he bought her some jewelry. Bush sold his time for $40, and borrowed money of several other parties, and is reported to have had about $100 in his possession. If Bush is captured the father of the girl is determined to punish him to the fullest extent of the law.

Whisky, Jealousy and Murder.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Robt. Simpson, a cartman for 30 years, was killed to-night by Alexander Boyer, a mulatto 50 years old. Simpson is a white man and is married, but deserted his wife for a young colored woman with whom he was living in York street. Boyer was also infatuated with the same woman, and jealousy between the men caused frequent quarrels. Two weeks ago they fought fiercely, Boyer being conquered. He departed vowing vengeance. To-night he met Simpson in front of the house on York street, where Simpson lived with his mistress. He attacked him with a knife and struck him in the temple. Simpson drew a pistol and fired without effect. Boyer continued stabbing him until he fell on the sidewalk dead. He then fled and the police have not yet found him. It is said both men were drunk.

John McCullough Losing His Mind.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—Mr. Robert Downing, the actor, who was the leading man of the Mary Anderson company last season, is in town, and said yesterday: "It is said that John McCullough is losing his mind, and it is doubtful if he will ever play again. The matter has been kept very quiet, but his condition is said to be alarming. He showed some signs before his season closed, sometimes forgetting his lines and acting strangely, but since then he has been growing worse. The cause assigned is that he and Billy Connor, his manager, became partners in the St. James Hotel, in New York, and John put all the money he had into the venture, which has not proved successful."

Wasson in Prison Garb.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 9.—Paymaster Wasson, in charge of Lieut. Bartlett, arrived in this City yesterday, and was met at the train by an ambulance from Fort Leavenworth and at once conveyed to the Penitentiary, three miles south of the City. He was interviewed, and stated that he considered his punishment a just one from a legal stand-point. When told at the prison that his correspondence would be greatly restricted, he seemed greatly affected, mentioning that it would be difficult to live in confinement without communicating with his wife and mother more than once a month. He is a fine looking man, tall, erect, and of graceful carriage, with a clear, piercing eye and a fine head of curly hair. He wears a very long mustache, and requested Warden Jones to allow him to retain it. The request was granted for to-day.

How a Lost Check Was Restored.

NOKOMIS, Ill., July 9.—On the 11th day of last month S. F. Gammill, Postmaster and merchant at Gays, a station on the I. & St. L. Road, six miles west of Mattoon, drew a check for $100 on the Mattoon National Bank, in favor of an Indianapolis firm. Yesterday Mrs. Mosser received her mail at Windsor, five miles west of Gays, among which was a newspaper in a single wrapper from Lacenia, N. Y., and as she tore off the wrapper an envelope directed to Messrs. Syfers & McBride, Indianapolis, containing the check, dropped to the floor. The envelope had been cut open, but, as the check was worthless without the firm's indorsement, it was left undisturbed. Here is a mystery for the Postoffice detectives to unravel.

The Match Monopoly—A Drop in Prices.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Prices of matches have taken a big drop, and to such an extent that it looks like a game of "bluff" on the part of the monopoly of manufacturers to discourage competition in the trade which was promised by the abolition of the stamp tax. By the provisions of that tax the monopoly could sell their matches at cost and then make a very large profit upon the commission allowed them on the stamps purchased in large lots from the Government. That method of shutting out competition can no longer be followed, and in the hope of continuing the monopoly for a time the low prices have been fixed.

Arkansas Outlaws.

LITTLE ROCK, July 10.—Portions of Garland, Yell and Montgomery Counties are still under control of outlaws who defy the local authorities. To-day Gov. Berry wrote a letter to the Sheriff of each County, saying he had been urged to call out the militia, but saw no necessity for doing so, and urging the Sheriff to call out a large posse and hunt the outlaws down. The country infested is mountainous and wild, and through terrorism many farmers are compelled to shield them by refusing information and giving supplies.

Yellow Fever.

GALVESTON, July 9.—The Chief of Police has three men patroling the beach down the island to carefully watch the landing of any boat and question closely the occupants in case such attempt is made. The object is to guard against the possibility of any of the crew of the "Salome," lying at sea 12 miles from the City with yellow fever on board, leaving the ship and attempting to come ashore. This arrangement will continue until the ship leaves, which probably will occur in a day or two.

"Clingstone" Withdrawn.

CLEVELAND, July 9.—Owing to a cracked heel, developed after his engagement, "Clingstone" could not be exercised and conditioned proper to trot with "St. Julien" in Chicago this month, and Mr. W. J. Gordon, the owner, announces to-day that the race is off and "Clingstone" will remain here, but other entries of his stables, "William H." "Clemmie G.," and "George V.," will be shipped to Chicago to-morrow.

The Hessian Fly.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 9.—The State Entomologist reports that vast numbers of the Hessian fly are now in a dormant condition, so low down in the stalk that they are left behind in the stubble when the wheat is cut. This is true of the entire Winter wheat region of Illinois. He therefore urgently advises that the stubble be burned at the earliest day possible, or that where this is impracticable, the infested field be plowed deeply and rolled.

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New Hampshire Senatorship.

CONCORD, July 10.—The following was the result of the ballot on United States Senator to-day: Whole number, 316; necessary to a choice, 159; Harrison G. Rice, 1; Jeremiah Smith, 1; Wm. H. Ladd, 1; Chas. S. Burns, 1; Chas. H. Bell, 2; Harry E. Burnham, 5; Gilman Marston, 15; Aaron F. Stevens, 16; James W. Patterson, 28; James F. Briggs, 28; Edward Rollins, 105; Harry Bingham, 113. Rollins made a net gain of 4.

A TOUGH CITIZEN.

A Negro With Two Bullets in His Brain Has a Good Appetite and Talks Rationally.

ST. LOUIS, July 9.—Sam Cook, the negro who in a fit of jealous rage shot Emma Shores, a colored girl, at Potosi, Mo., last Thursday evening, then shot himself and subsequently eluded pursuit, was captured yesterday and taken back to Potosi. In his attempt to kill himself after shooting the girl he fired two bullets into his head, one of which penetrated both hemispheres of the brain; the other crashed through one hemisphere, and both are now inside his skull. Notwithstanding these wounds, from both of which the brain oozed in a considerable quantity, the negro roamed in the woods from Thursday evening until Sunday morning, when he ate a very hearty meal, talked rationally, and walked three miles from the place he was captured to Potosi. Physicians, however, say he cannot live. The girl still lives, but is paralyzed fram the effects of the bullet, which entered the back of her head and passed under into the spinal column.

A Legacy of £5,000 Without a Claimant.

NEW YORK, July 8.—An advertisement in yesterday's Herald announced that a legacy of £5,000 was due to Mrs. Eliza Rankin or her heirs. The lady's maiden name was Eliza Malone, and she was described as sister to a certain Thomas W. Malone, of Jamaica and Martinique, West Indies.

"Eliza Malone," said the lawyer who published the advertisement yesterday, "came to this country from Sligo, Ireland, about the beginning of the war. Her brother, Thomas W. Malone, was at that time in New Orleans. Although he was very well to do he refused to provide for his sister, and she was compelled to go into service as a domestic. Shortly afterward she married a man named Rankin, who fought for a while in the war upon the Federal side. Mrs. Rankin is next traced to Rock Island, Ill., where she went with her husband, and then it is reported that they both went to Sligo. That was in 1862. In 1864 Thomas W. Malone died in the West Indies, whither he had removed; and his property, as well as that of his father, who died there before him, was administered by the trustees appointed. There was, however, a legacy to Eliza Malone, or Rankin, of £5,000, and no trace of her has been discovered to this time. Within a short time now the money will go to the government unless she or her heirs claim it We want to find, if we can, Mrs. Eliza Rankin, or her issue, if she had any, or, failing in that, we want to find other relatives of Thomas W. Malone or his father."

Rev. Richie Creates Another Sensation.

CHICAGO, July 9.—The Episcopal Church controversy which has grown out of the high church tendencies of Arthur Richie, pastor of the Church of the Ascension, and which has already served to draw out a letter of protest from the Bishop of the Diocese, had another senational feature added to it yesterday. Rector Richie, at the morning service, announced that at the conclusion of service, requiem mass would be said for the soul of Daniel Fountain, who was drowned in Lake Michigan the latter part of May. The announcement of requiem mass was apparently such a pronounced step toward Romanism as to cause even the parishoners of the Ascension to rebel, who had hitherto stood by the pastor, and one-half of the congregation left the church. In the meantime, at the request of the widow of Daniel Fountain, the celebration was postponed for a few days.

It is believed now that the Bishop will be compelled to order the trial of the pastor for infringement of church rules.

The Mississippi Election Cases Thrown Out of Court.

JACKSON, July 8.—At Oxford, Judge Hill quashed the information filed with Chalmers and Chandler against Watson and others, known as the political case growing out of the Chalmers-Manning contest for Congress. The Judge stated that the information charged no specific crime against the Government, and the Grand Jury and witnesses being present would permit no further proceedings on information, but only on indictment. District Attorney Chandler said he would not be dictated to by the Court as to how he should manage his business, and that he would proceed no further in the election frauds cases until the matter could be laid before the Department of Justice at Washington. Judge Hill said the matter should not again be entertained in his Court unless through a finding of the Grand Jury, that information was not favored, but only tolerated in extreme cases, of which the present was not one.

Fires and Murders in Louisiana

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—The roof and upper floors of the third story building, 34 Ichaupitoulas street, occupied by Shropshire & Co., wines and liquor, burned. Loss, $20,000; insured in local companies. Maffott's candy factory and Hartwell & Chamber, wholesale grocers, were damaged by water; fully insured.

The Picayune's Plaquemine special says Tim Benton, a colored fugitive from justice, shot and killed Robert Duggan, a saloonkeeper. Duggan was assisting an officer to arrest Benton. Duggan was a quiet young man. The murdrer escaped. Much excitement.

In a difficulty in a barroom Andy Downs, a City employee, was shot and killed by David Noyes.

The Capture of Father Tomazin.

ST. PAUL, July 8.—Advices from White Earth relate the circumstances of the capture of Father Tomazin at Red Lake. The recalcitrant priest refused to answer the summons of the Indian police and his house was broken into. Tomazin was found in bed reading and, still refusing to accompany the police, he was forcibly seized and, as he struggled a good deal, he was roughly handled. He is now at White Earth under surveillance awaiting the action of the Interior Department, by whose order he was arrested. Inspector Gardner superintended the arrest, but, It is reported, treated the prist courteously and did not countenance violence.

Jewelry by Mail.

NEW YORK, July 8.—A package mailed as a registered letter was turned over to the Custom House authorities yesterday by the Postmaster. It came from Canada, was addressed to a leading dealer in jewelry in this City, and contained 51 gold rings, set with diamonds and other precious stones, the value of the lot being about $2,000. The duties on the jewelry would amount to a considerable sum. The articles were held as unmuggled. The practice of sending dutiable articles through the mails in the hope of evading the revenue law is becoming very frequent. Sometimes it is done through ignorance of the law, but in many cases there is a deliberate attempt to smuggle.

Crop Reports.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The Inter-Ocean this morning presents crop reports covering a wide area of the West and Northwest, and the tenor is to the effect that, wheat excepted, the grain crop will equal last year's yield. The weather that was unfavorable to corn, induced one of the heaviest crops of hay ever mowed, which to a great extent is already cut and cured. Barley and oats are unusually good everywhere, and promise an unprecedented yield, while the recent hot weather has proven extremely favorable to average, and the harvests of Winter wheat in the lower latitudes are large.

Guiteau's Sister.

CHICAGO, July 9.—Guiteau's sister has brought another action in the Court of this County against her divorced husband, Geo. Scoville, asking that he be restrained from visiting her place of abode and from defrauding her of her property, and that he be compelled to contribute to her support and that of her child, and to give her the assassin's effects. She claims to have supported herself and daughter by dress-making, and kept the child in boarding school.

McGeoch's Proposition to Settle.

CHICAGO, July 9.—The proposition of McGeoch to his creditors to settle at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar bids fair to fall through, owing to the refusal of several heavy creditors to sign an agreement to that effect. George Eldridge & Co., whose claims amount to $63,000, are reported as demanding full payment. It is also reported that William Young & Co. are opposed to McGeoch's proposition.

Ex-Sen. Tabor.

DENVER, July 9.—Ex-Sen. Tabor denies the rumor that he paid $5,000 to Architect Hill to secure the location of the Denver Postoffice building. He states that he never had any dealing with Hill except in the most public manner.

In the Superior Court to-day Judge Dawson fined Willard Teller $500 for contempt of court for filing an answer in the case of Tabor vs. Bush that was of a scandalous nature.

Railroad Accident in Mississippi.

JACKSON, July 10.—An accident to a mixed train on the Natchez and Jackson road yesterday, five miles east of Natches, seven cars fell through a bridge 50 feet high. Conductor T. O. Jennings was killed, and the following passengers wounded: James Grillo, Fred Manucci, willie Conner, Mrs. and Miss Cannon, Miss Lucy Smith and Miss Jennie Hall.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, July 11, 1883.

TRADE.

There are certain unmistakable elements of strength in the business situation at present. Since July 4 trade has brightened up somewhat, with prospects of continued improvement.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$ 570,000
Specie, decrease	1,330,000
Legal tenders, decrease	1,031,000
Deposits, decrease	1,941,700
Circulation, decrease	30,300
Reserve, increase	2,595,795

The banks now hold $6,644,130 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 2¼ @ 3 cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4@5Y @ cent. Bar silver, 110¼. Sterling Exchange dull; $4 84½ for 60 days; sight, $4 87¾. Government Bonds firm. State Securities dull. Railroad bonds generally lower. Stocks firmer during the last hour.

Government Bonds—5s extended, 101 bid; 4½s, 112¾; 4s, 119; 3s, 103¼; Pacific 6s, '95, 127 bid.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	July 10.	July 3.
5's, extended	101	102¼
4½'s, coupons	112¾	112¾
4's	119	118⅞
3's, registered	103¾	103¾
Pacific 6's of '95	127	127

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week, No. 2 Red Wheat noted 105½c in this market; on Wednesday and Thursday there were no sessions of the Exchange; on Friday the price was 105⅜; on Saturday it rose to 108¾c, and on Monday the value was 108¾c, showing an advance for the week of 3¼c.

The wheat markets of the United States during the earlier part of the week just closed were weak, but the wide-spread belief that business generally would revive after the Fourth of July, had the effect of strengthening prices of wheat. The reports from different sections of the country show that there has been some improvement in the crops since last report of the U. S. Bureau of Agriculture. The prospect for the cereal crops in Europe are favorable. The wheat crop of the Pacific coast will be large. The deficiency in the Winter wheat crop of the United States cannot yet be determined, but it is safe to say that it will be less than reports a month ago appeared to make it. The Spring wheat crop will be large under favorable conditions. It is estimated by some at 130,000,000 bushels, as against 115,000,000 bushels last year. With a large surplus of old wheat in the United States and no quick European demand, the prospects are not encouraging for the high prices that many predicted. Of course a great deal depends upon whether the crops will be harvested in good condition. If the weather shall continue favorable for cutting wheat during the present week, prices are not likely to go higher, but with unfavorable weather there will be a sharp advance. There is an uncertainty surrounding the market at present that is not calculated to induce careful operators to lay hold of near futures with any degree of alarcity. Bradstreet's of this week gives an estimate of the wheat crop of 1883. It is exhibited in comparison with the final statement of the National Agricultural Bureau as to the output of wheat in 1882. The situation July 1, as reported to this journal, pointed to the following:

	Bradstreet's estimate, 1883.	Agricult'l Departm't (final) 1882.	Per cent. Inc. or dec. in 1883. (approx'e)
Winter Wheat States.			
New York	9,100,000	12,145,200	Dec. 25
Pennsylv'na.	20,000,000	20,300,760	
New Jersey and Delawar	3,000,000	3,299,300	
12 Southern States, including W. Virginia	45,000,000	40,856,550	
California, Oregon and Wash. Ter.	65,000,000	50,525,900	
Indiana	31,820,000	45,461,800	Dec. 30
Ohio	26,000,000	43,453,500	" 40
Illinois	25,000,000	52,302,900	" 51
Michigan	27,500,000	32,315,400	" 15
Kansas	25,000,000	31,245,000	" 20
Missouri	19,200,000	27,538,500	" 30
Kentucky	12,800,000	17,250,000	" 26
Tennessee	7,500,000	9,971,200	" 25
Total winter.	316,920,000	386,366,150	
Spring-wheat States.			
Minnesota	33,000,000	33,630,500	
Iowa	25,500,000	25,487,200	
Wisconsin	23,840,000	22,145,400	
Nebraska	18,000,000	15,300,000	
Dakota	13,004,000	11,500,000	Inc. 50
Colo., Nev., Idaho, Mt., Wy., Utah, Ariz. & N. Mexico	7,000,000	5,290,300	" 32
New England States	1,100,000	1,103,000	
Total spring.	126,440,000	117,856,320	

	Bradstr't's, 1883.	Ag. Dept., 1882.	Per cent.
Total (estimated) production (1883) spr'g and winter, compared with 1882	443,360,000	504,220,470	Dec. about 12
Decre'se winter wheat, in 1883, according to compar'n	69,440,150	.....	Dec. over 18
Incr. spring wheat, in 1883	8,583,680	.....	Inc. over 7
Net decrease wheat, 1883	60,866,470	.....	Dec. about 12

Corn is reported to be making less progress than was looked for, and in sympathy with wheat, is higher than a week since.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a light market for cash Wheat. Prices steady but lower.

Sales No. 2 Red Wheat to-day ..... 8,500 bu
Sales yesterday ..... 18,500 bu

No. 2 Red Wheat, Wabash, 108c; No. 2 Red in King's, 108c; Lake Shore No. 2, 110c, 2c lower; No. 3